The sweet-tongd Ovid's Counterfeit behold;
Which Nobleſt Romans wore in rings of gold
Or would you yt, which his owne penſil drew
The Poet, in his deathleſs Poems, view.

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Which Nobleſt Romans wore in rings of gold
Or would you yt, which his owne penſil drew
The Poet, in his deathleſs Poems, view.

THE TRAGEDY OF OVID.

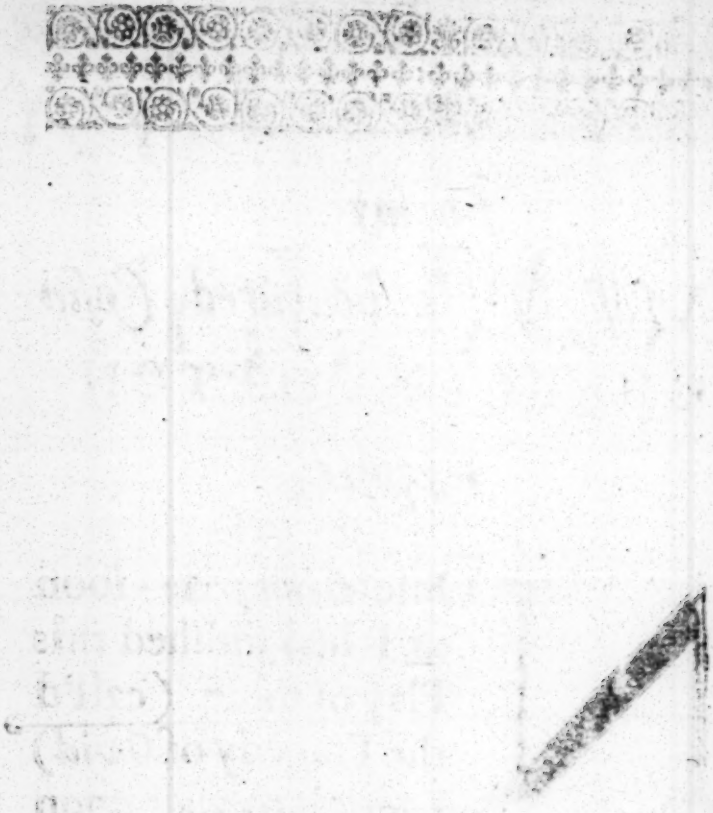
Written by

Sir ASTON COKAIN

Baronet.

LONDON,

Printed for *Phil. Stephens* junior, at the Kings Arms over againſt Middle Temple Gate in *Fleet-ſtreet*. 1662.



To my

Most highly honoured Cosin

CHARLES COTTON

Esquire;

NOble *Cosin*, as soon as I had finished this Play of mine (call'd the Tragedy of *Ovid*) I sent it to wait upon You, at your house in *Berisford*; where it found so courteous, and generous an Entertainment; that I should accuse my self of much Ingratitude, did I not Dedicate it to you, and entreat your Favour that

it might viſit the world, under the ſecure Patronage of your authentick Name. I beſeech you therefore to afford it ſo much grace: And to give it leave to lye in your Parlour Window; ſince you have been pleaſed to ſignalize it with to excellent Epigram's. This is but a ſmall Teſtimony of my thankfulneſs to you, for an Abundancy of high and obliging Favours, that I have (upon all occaſions) received from you: To which you will infinitely adde, by continuing in your good opinion,

Sir,

Your very affectionate

Kinſman, and moſt

humble Servant

ASTON COKAIN.

An Epigramme to the Authour, upon his Tragedy of OVID.

LOng live the Poet, and his lovely Muſe,
The Stage with Wit, and Learning to infuſe.
Embalm him in immortall Elegy,
(My gentle Naſo;*) for if he ſhould dye,*
Who makes thee live, thou'lt be again purſu'd,
And baniſh't Heaven for Ingratitude.
Transform again thy Metamorphoſies
In one, and turn thy various ſhapes to his.
A twin-born Muſe in ſuch embraces curl'd,
As ſhall ſubject the Scriblers of the World.
And, ſpite of Time, and Envy, henceforth ſit,
The ruling Gemini, of Love, and Wit.

So two pure Streams in one smooth Channell glide,
In even motion without Ebb, or Tyde;
As in your pens Tyber, *and* Anchor *meet,*
And tread Meanders, with their silver-feet.
Both soft, both gentle, both transcending high,
Both skil'd alike in charming Elegy;
So equally admir'd, the Lawrell's due,
Without distinction both to Him, and You.
Naso *was* Rome's *fam'd* Ovid, *You alone*
Must be the Ovid *to our* Albion:
In all things equall, saving in this case,
Our Modern Ovid *has the better grace.*

CHARLES COTTON

Philodramatos.

To

To the Authour

On

Captain HANNIBAL,

An Epigramme.

YOur Captain *Hannibal* doe's ſnort, and puffe,
Arm'd in his brazen face, and greaſy buffe.
'Mongſt Puncks, and Pandars, and can rant, and rore,
With *Cacala* the Turd, and his poor whore:
But I would wiſh his Valour not miſtake us,
All Captains are not like his Brother *Dacus*.

Adviſe

Advise him then Be quiet; or I shall
Bring Captain *Hough*, to baite
your *Hannibal*.

CHARLES COTTON.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

PYrontus, *A young Lord.*
Philocles, *His Friend.*
Baſſanes, *A young Lord.*
Marullus, *His Friend.*
Phœbianus, Pyrontus *his younger Brother, called alſo* Caralinda.
Hannibal, *A Baniſh't* Italian *Captain.*
Cacala, *A young Fellow, His man.*
Publius Ovidius Naſo.
Dacus, *A Getick Captain.*
Clorina, Baſſanes *His Bride.*
Armelina, *Her Siſter.*
Cypaſſis, *A Bard.*

Spinella,

Spinella, *Her Daughter, A Courtezan of* Tomos.
Floretta, *A* Roman *Courtezan.*
Maskers.
A Spectre.
Servants.

The Scene Tomos, *a City in* Pontus.

The

THE PROLOGUE.

A Many famous Poets do not refuse,
With Prologues *t' uſher in the Tragick Muſe:*
The Reaſon (Gallants!) I preſume to ſay;
To Tomos, *you are welcom all to day.*
For fear (leſt when y'ave ſeene't) you ſhould repent
Both of your Mony, and your Time miſſpent,
I tell you (though our Play is new) tis writ,
After an ill old mode, with litle wit:

For

For in't there is a Divell and a Fool;
Such sights as Boyes affect that go to
School.
This said, you have our Leave (with-
out Offence)
To take your mony again; And to go
hence.
Nothing of Ovid then! Enough, E-
nough:
Dancing and fighting; And much a-
morous stuffe.
If any of these invite your stay; Pray
know
We hope to please you; whether you
will, or no:
But (if you shall dislike it) Gentle-
men
Revenge your selves, and never see't
agen.

THE

The Tragedy
Of
OVID.

Actus primi, Scæna prima.

Enter Pyrontus *furiously intending to fall upon his sword, and* Phylocles *after him, who with his foot strikes it away.*

Pyrontus UNcivill man begon, before my rage
Increases above my troubled patience;
And I for this untimely Courtesy,
Make thee to harbinger my Soul, in death.
Phylocles. Alas! My Lord why will you take away
The noblest Life that ever honour'd *Pontus*?
I pray you think upon't.
Pyron. I am resolv'd,
Nor will I live to see *Clorina* made

A wife to any man beſides my ſelf.
Phylo. Ah! who would not run mad, and tear his haire,
And weep untill his eye-balls did diſſolve,
To ſee the braveſt man of all this Land
So paſſionate; And for a ſcornfull Lady?
Pyron. Kill me *Phylocles*: Thou wilt do a deed
The gods will love thee for; for I am One
Ful of thoſe things that virtuous Souls abhorre,
Elſe ſure *Clorina* would not uſe me thus.
Philo. To my own death to do you reall Service
You may command me readily (my Lord):
But to entiſe me to advance my hand
Againſt your Life; Great *Jove!* and all the gods
(Whom we do reverence and fear) forbid.
Pyron. Phylocles, doſt thou love me?
Phylo. You know (my Lord) I do above my Life.
In our late wars when we did aid our Friends
The fortunate *Romans*, I attended you
And when your Horſe's Fall left you a Prey
Unto the barbarous Cruelty of the *Parthians*
I, careleſs of my life, ran to your Aide
And brought you off through many of their deaths.
Command me any thing, ſo you except
Your noble Life, and I will do it freely.
Pyron. Aſwell except you will not ſtirre a foot
To do your friend the greateſt favour for him;
Which with an eaſe, ſo eaſy as is walking,

You

You may perform.
Phylo. What would you have me do?
Pyron. Begon my *Phylocles.* Is this a day
For me to honour with my Life, wherein
Clorina ſlighting all my years of ſervice
(Which I have paid to her with as great fervour
As any of our Prieſts adore the gods)
Will give away her ſelf unto *Baſſanes?*
Away my Friend, and let me dye.
Phylo. My Lord I will obey you on condition
That I may find you, as I leave you, ſafe.
And (till I ſee you next) untoucht, and living,
I have ſome hope I may bring comfort with me,
Calme all theſe paſſions, and create a Joy
That may occaſion Triumphs in your heart
Pyron. Go then, my Friend, and proſper; but be ſure
Thou doſt not trifle with me. Thou well knowſt
The nature of *Pyrontus* is averſe
To ſuffering of Abuſes.
Phylo. I am gon
With hope to bring you Comfort ſpeedily. *Exit.*
Pyron. Falſe Tyrant Love! I would I had thee here,
With thy own bow Ide ſhoot ſuch paſſions in thee
As ſhould be over-ſtrong for thee to bear.
Fond Boy! Ide make thee doat on chaſte *Diana*
And pluck thy Golden Feathers from thy Wings

To write with them Repentance to the world.
Which of the Fatall Sisters did provoke
Thee, careless of mans happiness, to do
Those bloody deeds which thou art famous for?
O that I knew her! And when I am dead
Ide pass the dreadfull Waves of *Phlegeton*
But I would find her, and destroy her too.
Upon *Ixion's* wheele Ide torture her
Till with her balefull Cries she did awake
The Porter *Cerberus* from his drowsy den,
Then would I give her body, unto him
And he should eat it, and she be forgot.
But, cruell Love, hadst thou bin kind to me
And equall fire raysd in *Clorina's* breast,
Not only in *Tomos*, but throughout all *Pontus*,
I would have raised Altars to thy praise:
Where night and day (whilst Time makes Night, and day)
I would have had such Anthems carrol'd to thee
By happy Lovers; that, eternall *Jove*
Should have wish'd himself to have been the god of love.

Enter Ovid, Phylocles, and Armelina.

Phylo. My Lord, The beauteous Lady *Armelina*
Attended by the Poets Glory *Ovid*
By the Entreaty of the excellent Bride,
Are come to wooe you to your Life.

Pyron.

Pyron. Tis a miraculous kindneſs, that the fair
Clorina on this ſolemn day affords me.
Had ſhee but pleaſd t' have been ſo mercifull
In former times, I had not drooped thus
Now all the City *Tomos* layes aſide
Neglected Care, and puts on Jollity.
Madam! what is the pleaſure of my Deity?
And thou full Soul of poetry (ſweet *Ovid*)
What unimmagin'd harmony of Comfort
Bring you unto me?
Armel. My Lord! if that my ſiſter
Still doth retain the leaſt of power over you
By me ſhe doth entreat you to continue
Among the Living. By all the Love you have
Profes'd uuto her, ſhe conjures you t' bear
The Chances of this Day worthy your birth,
And all the noble Actions of your Life.
Ovid. It is an unbeſeeming weakneſs in you
Degenerating from the former fulneſs
Of all your Honours, all your immenſe knowledge
Of ſage Philoſophy, and of your ſelf
Thus to captive your Reaſon, and become
Slave to the paſſions of an heart let looſe
To the purſuit of barbarous Appetites.
Pyron. Sweet *Armelina*! you whoſe every word
Strikes Muſick through my ears unto my Soul;
You who in your ſoft language have apparal'd
The Commands of my goddeſs, muſt have power

To make me die continually by living.
Ovid. Assume a better Courage, and contemn
These Trifles, which you rashly deem Misfortunes.
My Lord, you are the Glory of this Country,
The Basis upon which not only *Tomos*,
But the Nobility of *Pontus*, build
Their Glories on, instructed hitherto
By imitating You their great Example.
A little Time may alter your Opinion
Of Beauty; you may chance to see ere Long
Another Lady that may please you better:
And then this day you do account so miserable
You in your Kalender will mark a Festival.
Pyron. Peace gentle *Ovid*, this is blasphemy
Against the Divinity of her fair soul,
And that rich Heaven of happiness, her body:
Jove hath no Beauty, like her, on *Olympus*;
She's nature's Master-piece, and glorifies
This Angle of the world so, that I prize it
Above triumphant Rome, and all the Splendours
The Court of great *Tiberius* is renowned for.
Ovid. You shall orecome Me, so you will Yourself:
Say any thing (my Lord) and I will hear you;
Do any thing, and I will honour it;
So you forbear to trespass 'gainst your Life.
Armel. My Sister doth expect (if you have ever
Born reall affection to her) that you should

Return

Return her word by me, that you will looſe
This Reſolution of ſelf-Murther, ſhe will
Love you as far as Honor wil give leave,
Entertain welcomly your Company,
And converſation, whilſt you prove your ſelf
Delighted with her virtue. And ſhe knows
The Lord *Baſſanes* will moſt joyfully
Continue you within the Catalogue
Of his Friends moſt belov'd, while you exceed not
The Limits of a candid Amity,
Nor attempt treaſon to her Nuptials.
Phylo. I ſee a Calmneſſe in your looks (my Friend!)
Thanks (gratious Madam) for your pains; And may
Thy *Roman* Gods reward this kindneſs (*Ovid*).
Yet he were ſavage that had ears ſo deafe,
And dull an Intellect, as not to yield
To your great Reaſon, and moſt eloquent Tongue,
Ovid. Your partiall Love doth too much overvalue
My poor Endeavours. Hark! *Muſick within*
Armel. The Muſick doth
Invite as in. Pray, Glorify this Ceremony
With your fair preſence
Phylo. Hymen will (my Lord)
Owe you a bleſſing for it.
Ovid. Light a more

Auſpicious Torch, and (for a Courteſy
So timely given) crown your more happy head
With future bliſs above your Hopes.
Pyron. Lead in. *Exeunt, Ovid,*
I'le but collect my ſelf, and follow you.
Armel. You will oblige us all. *Armelina.*
Pyron. My Friend *Phylocles!*
Phylo. I am here, my Lord. (here!
Pyron. Oh! how a thouſand paſſions combate
But which of them ſhall prove predominant
Commands (received from my fair, cruell Miſtriſs)
Already have determind. What ſtrange Miracles,
Great Deity of Love, are in thy power!
Affection prompts me to advance my hand,
And turn the Geniall Bed into an Urne.
By ſetting this *Baſſanes* Soul at Liberty.
But I muſt needs recall this infant-thought;
Or an inglorious ſtain may fix upon
My Reputation. He was ever noble
In all his Actions to me, and we
Have long ago contracted ſuch a friendſhip,
That it hath been look't on, as an Example
Worthy an Imitation. Beſides, he
Was never made acquainted with my Love.
He then is innocent of any Injury
Committed againſt me; and doth no more
Then I. The bright *Clorina* he affects
And ſo do I, and ſo muſt all the world
That are not blind, or ſenſeleſs when they ſee

His

His Starres befriend him: All thoſe Eyes of Heaven
Did look a-ſquint at my Nativity:
And he hath far more Merit to deſerve her.
Come *Phylocles*: She is my only goddeſs
And I muſt quit me of profaneſs too
What ſhe commands, ſtrike no forbidden Blow. *Exeunt.*

Scena ſecunda.

Enter Dacus, Cypaſſis, *and* Spinella.

Spi. Mother! Captain *Dacus* promis'd me a new Gown againſt this Maskque: And hath not kept his word with me. I deſire therefore I may be quit of his Company?

Dac. Pritty grumbling Heart! My Tennants are ſlow in paying their Rents, I elſe had not faild thee: But you are very fine as you are, *Venus* be thanked.

Spi. That's no coſt of yours. I am the more beholding to another friend.

Dac. To whom? The Brides groom I warrant you, *Spinella.*

Spi. Tis he indeed.

Cypaſ. The Lord *Baſſanes* was ever her noble Patron.

Dac. But I hope ſhe will looſe his Bounty hereafter, *Cypaſſis.*

Spi.

Spi. Your Jealousy prompts you to talk thus.

Cypas. After honey-moon's past, he may return to her again.

Spi. You shall become more liberal, or I will shortly cashcere you from my Acquaintance. What do you think, we venture reputation for nothing but oathes, flattering words, and a little foolish pleasure.

Cypas. Indeed, Son, a young Gentle-woman must be maintain'd with other Materials. If she goes not fine, and cleanly, she is not fit for good Company. And if she keeps never so litle a while Ill, and it comes to be known, she may bid farewell for ever to all her holidaies; The Honorable, and Worshipfull will not care for her Embraces.

Dac. Are you against me too, mother? I had thought Madam *Cypassis* had had a greater kindness for me then so.

Cypas. Captain *Dacus!* You know I have much respected you from our first Acquaintance. But you must think of performing better with *Spinella* for the future. My poor Girle else, will not be able to live decently, in the fashion, unless she should live more Common then I could wish.

Spinel. Mother, you shall not need to fear that: for I can be married when I will. And this Wedding of my dear old friend invites me much to take that Course. *Juno* direct me

to

to the beſt: for *Venus* (whom I have hitherto ſerv'd) is but an ill Tutreſs.

Dac. Prethee, ſweet *Spinella*, leave this melancholly Diſcourſe. It ſounds too unkindly, eſpecially on a marriage-day. We ſhould now talk of Love, Maidenheads, Muſick, Banquets, Maſkques, and ſo forth.

Spinel. Captain *Dacus*. I muſt confeſs, my Genius is towards mirth indeed: But you muſt not then give me cauſe of ſorrow.

Cypaſ. The truth is, Captain, you muſt not be ſo cloſe handed for the future. The Lord *Baſſanes* being married, peradventure may turn fooliſhly uxorious: And then you muſt either get you better Tennants,

Spinel. Or a new Miſtriſs.

Dacus. Still in this Key!

Cypaſ. What hath been done yet, hath been kept private. And ſo it concern'd all our Reputations. But (now I think better on it) it is your beſt way (*Spinella*) to take an Husband, if he be worth having.

Spinel. He can ſcarce be worſe then this ſervant.

Dacus. Pretty one, afford me better words: For I dearly love thee. And (though I never made uſe of my Credit yet in that kind) I will take up a new Gown for thee to morrow; on that condition I may take it up as often as I will.

Spinel. Then you ſhall have leave to do your beſt, or worſt.

Cypaſ.

Cypaſ. Agreed, agreed.
Tis well y' are come. *Enter Marullus.*

Spinel. He thought *Baſſanes* had forgotten us; but we meant (you ſee) to come unſent for.

Mar. You might have been welcom if you had: I ſhould have got you good places. But *Baſſanes* is a Gentleman of his word, and hath ſent me to conduct you accordingly.

Spinel. I thank his Bridegroom-ſhip.

Mar. You are angry (I warrant you) that he's married.

Spinel. Not I, *Venus* bear me record: Much good do him with his freſh meat. He will be weary of it no doubt ere long, as he hath been with Others: So you may tell him, *Marullus.*

Mar. And then you hope for him again?

Cypaſ. *Juno*, and *Diana* defend. I dare ſwear ſhe hath no ſuch thoughts.

Dacus. So durſt not I.

Mar. Nor I.

Spinel. I care not what you ſay, you are both minded to jeſt with me. But, is not the young *Phœbianus* returned from *Rome* againſt theſe Solemnities?

Mar. *Pyrontus* writ for him.

Cypaſ. Tis marvaile *Baſſanes* would not ſtay for his Arrivall.

Spinel. No wonder at all: All men are ſo mad of a new face when they can get it.

Cypaſ. Though often they leave a better for it.

Dacus.

Dacus. Well ſaid, Mother: Thou ſpeakeſt Oracles, old *Cypaſſis*!

Mar. With ſome Regret. This marriage is not yet digeſted by them In earneſt, I muſt entreat you to beware of your behaviours. You are deſir'd to pretend no Acquaintance to the Bridegroom. Theſe Slips of youth are fit to be conceald.

Spinel. Or *Clorina* may grow jealous.

Mar. Tis good preventing the worſt: Tis time we walk. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Scena Tertia.

Loud Muſick. Then Enter, Pyrontus, Baſſanes, Phylocles, Ovid, Clorina, Armelina.

Baſſanes. Welcom for ever to my hand, *Clorina*,
Who long haſt been the Regent of my heart.
This day hath made me Owner of ſuch Riches,
(The Mine of Joyes in my delicious Bride)
That I our mightieſt *Caſar* do not envy
Why do's my deareſt bluſh? Becauſe thy Modeſty
Doth ſee ſo many Beauties here Inferior
To thy ſupremeſt one! But bluſh on, faireſt,
Like to a ſetting Sun, at the approch
Of this ſo longd for Night, that's to determine Your

Your Virgin Honour.
Clor. Now you make me bluſh
Indeed my Lord.
Pyron. I wiſh you (Madam) a Life ſo circled in
With joy, that you may never breathe a ſigh:
And (when you ſhall grow weary of the Earth)
Become *Jove's* Dotage and be Queen of Heaven.
Clor. My Lord *Pyrontus*. I return you thanks:
And hope th' immortall gods will recompenſe
This kindneſs, with an happineſs tranſcending
What ever yet you could deſire.
Ovid. May Heaven
Propitiouſly ſmile on you with all thoſe
Bright eies that do enlighten Night and Day.
Arm. I did not think this City could have ſhowne
A Multitude ſo gallant of both Sexes.
Baſſa: They come (I thank them) to grace our Nuptials.
Phyloc. They come no doubt to ſee and to be ſeen.

Enter Marullus, Dacus, Cypaſſis, Spinella.

Mar. Hymen be praiſd, we are come in time
Cypaſ. *Venus* bleſs mine eyes! what a fine ſhew is here?

Spin.

Spin. Indeed (Captain *Dacus*) you have endeard me much
We are beholding to your luſty Shoulders,
That made a Pritty Lane through all the Croud.
Dacus My beſt of ſtrength ſhall evermore attend.
To do you ſervice.
Mar. Here let us keep together
This is the beſt Room that is left. Pray tell me
How do you like the Bride? Do not her eies
Dart ſubtle rayes, ſuch as may kindle fires
Within the breaſts of all mankind?
Spin. I do not know how ſome may love heart-burning.
Cypaſ. It is a Pretty Lady, but I have ſeen
Some faces that have ſeemd as well.
Mar. O Envy! Madam *Cypaſſis*, where beſeech you?
Dacus. I hope *Spinella* would be loth enough
To change with her.
Spinel. I am not yet a weary
Of mine own.
Baſ. It doth grow late, and time they did begin
Ovid. They only waited your Commands.
Mar. That's *Publius Ovidius Naſo*, the chief Poet
Not only of *Rome*, but all the mighty Empire.
Cypaſ. I know him well enough, and was acquainted Many

Many years with him, ere I ſaw this Country.
Ovid. May Muſick bring
Some Deities from *Olympus*-Top, to grace
This Night's Solemnities. The Mask.

The Maskers all attir'd according to the Fancies of the Ancient Poets.

After a Flouriſh of loud Muſick
Enter Hymen, Cupid, *and* Venus *ſinging.*

Ven. I ſmil'd with eies, that darted rayes
Of ſweet deſire on either's face.
Cupid. And I ſuch ſhafts did put in ure
As only they themſelves could cure.
Hym. And I Love's beſt Phyſitian quickly found;
Each others hand might heal each others wound.
Ven. May they diſſolve in love, yet prove
No Diminution by their love,
Cup. May they their fears and pains requite,
And ſpend (in ſuch revenge) this night.
Hym. What ere they do, they may with ardent Zeal;
For they have Licence under my great Seal.

Enter Mercury.

Merc. Jove hath commanded me to let you know

You

You shall not want a grace that Heaven can
show.
By virtue therefore of my sacred Wand
Juno, and *Pallas*, hither I command;
That they (with *Venus*) may again contest,
To whom belongs the Golden Apple best.
And *Paris* (by my *Caduceus* Power),
I charge to come from thy *Elizium* Bower.
Now let thy doom meet the just will of *Jove*
And thou shalt feast with Deities above,
Forgo thy Solitary shades, and sit
A judg upon *Olympus* for thy wit.

Enter Juno, *and* Pallas.

Pallas. Wherefore are we thus summond to
appear
To humain view? and to these Mortals here?
Juno. I hope *Jove* now will not disturb our
Raign,
And fall in love with women-kind again.
Pallas. Surely long since (Queen of the Deities)
He did abandon terrene vanities.
Juno. Daughter, he swore (by *Styx*) to me
himself,
He would for ever leave all amarous stealth:
Yet *Juno* cannot but suspect the worse;
He once so long continu'd such a Course.
Pallas. *Pallas* hath often blush'd to hear *Mars*
tell,

Following his Fathers steps he did but well,
My brother was too blame.
Juno. Alas! my son
Gloried to imitate what *Jove* had don.
Your sister *Venus* was an handsome Child.
Pallas. And *Mars* (when he was young) was very wild.
Merc. *Saturnia*, needless, I do know your fear;
Had *Jove* meant so, hee'd not have met you here.
Paris is slow in his Approach. Sure some
Fine Dreams have fix'd him in *Elizium*.
Again I must command him to appear.

Enter Paris.

Paris. You need not (*Maia's* sons) for I am here.
I had not made such stay, but was in talk,
With my fair Queen in a delicious walk,
Where *Agamemnon*, and the *Spartan* King,
And all those many Princes, they did bring
To fight for the Revenge of that fam'd Rape,
Did laugh at our Discourse, not envy at.
Thrice happy are those Shades, where none do bear,
Those Passions that so tyrannize it here.
The *Grecian* Chiefcains have a thousand times,
Curs'd their own rage, that cros'd us in our Crimes:

For

For when their wiſer ſouls were looſned from
Their Bodies (forc'd unto *Elizium*
By violent deaths) and clearly underſtood,
Thoſe follies they had ſealed with their blood.
Amazement ceas'd upon them all. Our *Troy*,
(Which that ſo fatall Quarrell did deſtroy.)
Had flouriſh'd ſtill in *Pomp*; All they and we
Had liv'd in peace and in Felicity.
And died in our own beds, had they been bleſt
T'have had thoſe thoughts wherewith th'are now poſſeſt.
We are not jealous in thoſe plains of Bliſs:
They for fruition care not, there, that kiſs
Hellen of Greece, and I (without diſpight
To *Menalaus* ſelf) take what Delight,
Pleaſeth us there the moſt. Every one there,
Sleights thoſe things moſt they doted upon here.
Our Bodies being compos'd of Elements
Incline Mankind to ſeek to pleaſe the ſenſe.
But there our Spirits (being unconfin'd)
Strive at the ſatisfaction of the mind.
Though Souls embrace, They Organs want, and Places
To raiſe a jealouſy at their embraces:
We at our old Amours do often laugh.
Merc. Then you was in diſcourſe, which I broke off?
Paris. No matter (*Mercury*) 'tis fit I pay
My duty unto *Jove*, and him obey:

What therefore is his will? that I may ſoon
Submit to his Inevitable Doom.
Merc. You muſt again an Umpire be, and tell
(In beauty) which of theſe doth moſt excell.
Paris. My Judgment I have given, once and why
Should that again to my diſcuſſion lye?
Merc. 'Tis *Jove's* Decree, And he (if you refrain)
Will make you Subject unto *Pluto's* Raign,
From the *Elizium* Plains, remove you quite,
And caſt you into an eternall night;
(Inſteed of *Helen's* voice) where evermore
You ſhall hear *Cerberus* bark, *Cocytus* rore,
And dreadfull *Phlegeton* (with horrid Noiſe)
Torment your ears, as darkneſs ſhall your eies.
Paris. I muſt ſubmit.
Merc. Here take this golden Ball.
And give't to her that's hanſomſt of them all.
Paris. I ſhall (in my Opinion) doom aright:
But wiſh that *Jove* had choſe ſome other wight.
But the laſt time theſe goddeſſes emploid
Me in this kind, it was on Sacred Ide.
Why therefore here, in ſo remote a Town?
And Countries, ſo far diſtant from mine own?
Merc. Caſt but your eies about this Crouded Place,
And you may judge, it is to do a Grace
To ſome in this fair Company.
Hymen. To day,

That

That generous youthfull Pair became my Prey.
Cupid. But they had never been your Captives bound,
If I had not compeld them by a wound.
Merc. *Jupiter* (to do honor to this Night)
Hath ſummond theſe t' appear to humain ſight:
And hath commanded you (before this Throng)
To give that Apple where't doth moſt belong:
Be well adviſ'd (after exact Survey)
How you diſpoſe the golden Fruit away.
Paris. Prime goddeſſes of the Olympick Court,
That *Paris* grace again with your Reſort.
I on my knees beg leave, that what I do
For One, may not offend the other Two:
Becauſe our Poets have profeſ'd, that we
Have been afflicted for my firſt decree;
For thence two of you did our foes become,
And haſtned-on the Sack of *Ilium.*
I muſt obey Imperious *Jove's* Command,
Venus. And we to thy Arbitriment will ſtand.
Juno. I do proteſt (by all my Rule above)
I'le not be angry howſoe're It prove.
Pallas. And, *Priams* ſon, I will be nothing ſtird
Or diſcontent, if others be prefer'd.
Paris. Having implor'd your Mercies, Now I fall
To look to whom belongs the Golden Ball.
Juno hath ſweet black eies, *Pallas* fine hair,
Venus is juſt proportion'd wondrous fair.

As I have done before, again I muſt,
Venus, The Ball's thine; And my judgment juſt. *Gives it to her.*
Juno. To tax thy Doom, were but a needleſs ſhift,
Pallas. Nor do We envy her the petty guift.
Venus. To ſhow there is no falling out, Lets all Fall in, and dance (before this Pair) a Ball.
Juno. You and I (*Trojan* Prince) will lead: this ſport
Juno. You have been famous for, in *Priam's* Court.
Paris. Supremeſt goddeſs, you a Grace conferre
Too high, upon your humble Honorer.
Juno. *Hymen*, *Cupid*, and *Maia's* ſon, advance;
Let's ſhow theſe Mortals an Olympick Dance.
All the Maskers dance.

After a Flouriſh of Solemn loud Muſick, Enter Jupiter.

Merc. The King of gods and men! Haile thundring *Jove*!
Pallas. Why hath my Father left his Throne above?
Jupiter. Perceiving *Venus*, and her wanton Son,
(To do ſome ſervice) were by *Hymen* won
From my ſtar-paved Court, and looking down
Upon

Upon the world, and (in it) on this Town,
I ſoon eſpide the buſineſs: Therefore ſtraight
Summond you both to meet (this Nuptiall night)
My daughter *Venus* here, that we might do,
A Grace divine unto theſe happy two.
How *Paris* hath beſtow'd the Ball, I've ſeen:
But give it me again (you amorous Queen
Of *Cyprus*) It hereafter muſt not be
A Trophy to the *Paphian* Diety.
Ven. Great *Jupiter*, I yield to thy Command,
Jupi. And I thus give it t' a more beautious hand. *Gives it Clorina.*
Here may you flouriſh long in bliſs, and when
You weary grow of the abodes of Men,
I'le fix you both (t' amaze all human eies,)
A glorious Conſtellation in the skies.
Pallas and *Venus* do not take offence,
For ſhe is a ſuperior Excellence:
And frown not *Juno*; I no more will make
Converſe with Mortals, for thy Quiet's ſake.
Hadſt thou thus given the Golden Ball, I had *Speaks to Paris.*
Made thee Companion unto *Ganimed.*
Take hands, and dance, whilſt our attentive eares
Do guide our feet, to Muſick of the ſphears.
They dance the ſecond Dance.

A Song.

Hymen. Bleſt, and beſt Pair make haſte to bed,
The Bride ſtill owes her Maiden-head.
Cupid. There you can only find a Balm,
The feſtring of my Darts to calm.
Venus. And Youth, and Beauty may delight,
In all Joyes of a Nupciall night.
Chorus. There when you ſhall be left alone, and Kiſs,
You need not envy to the gods, their Bliſs.

Jupiter. 'Tis time we leave theſe to a new Delight,
And therefore *Jove* himſelf doth bid good night. *Exeunt, Maskers.*
Baſſanes. Let us to bed, my Dear: I long to loſe,
My ſelf in thy Embraces. Gentle *Ovid*
The bright *Clorina*, and my ſelf ſhall owe,
All power we have to ſerve you to the utmoſt:
And may propitious Heaven encline great *Cæſar*,
To look with gratious eies, on your Misfortunes!
Ovid. You both vouchſafe too much of honour to me,
If you forgive the rudeneſs of my Muſe.

Pyron.

Pyron. I find my ſelf extreamly ill o'th ſoddain
And muſt not be ſo barbarous t' interrupt
(With any ſign of ſickneſs) the Felicities
Of this Bles'd Company: Good night to all.
Farewell my Lord, The happieſt of mankind:
Clorina too goodnight, ——— you moſt unkind.

Exeunt Baſſanes, Ovid, Clorina, Armelina.

Marull. Captain I do commit to your Conduct
Madam *Cypaſſis*, and her pritty daughter.
I muſt go help the Groom to bed, and ſee
The Bride to taſt her laſt Virginity-poſſet.

Exit Marullus.

Dacus. I ſhall be carefull of my charge. *Spinella*,
I had rather have ſpent my time in bed with thee,
Then have been at this Maskque.
Spin. So had not I with you.
Dacus. I know you jeſt my litle Rogue.
Cypaſ. *Juno* was of a demure look, and had a grave Behaviour.
Dacus. *Pallas* had a ſmart caſt with her eyes.
I warrant you ſhe beat
Her husband, if ſhe were ever Married,
Spin. *Venus* indeed was the hanſomſt of them all.
Dacus. But you are hanſomer then ſhe my pritty One. *Exeunt. Dac. Cyp. Spin.*
Phyloc. Tis very late and time to haſten home.

How

How is it with Noble Lord *Pyrontus*.
Pyr. I am undon (my *Philocles*) for ever.
And have too tamely yielded to this Match.
I should have challenged my friend *Bassanes*,
If he would not have given up his Interest:
And (by his fall) rays'd up my self some hope;
Or lost her bravely with my life together.
Phyl. My Lord for Heavens sake, cast aside such Thoughts,
And (to your Aide) call generous Patience.
Pyron. The Cowards virtue! O the Multitude
Of those grand joyes *Bassanes* is possest of
By this Conjugall knot! And oh the Myriads
Of Miseries, my poor life is to wade through
By her severe Command! were I the mighty *Tiberius*, and (o're the conquer'd world)
Bore Soverainty, the Empire I should sleight,
And give't *Bassanes* for his Room to night.
Exeunt Ambo.

Actus.

Actus ſecundi, Scena Prima.

Enter Captain Hannibal, Cacala, *and* Caralinda, Floretta.

Hani. FRom *Oſtia*, we have had a voyage hither,
So fraught with Storms, and Tempeſts that I wonder
The Sea gods
Cacala. The Sea-Monſters call them rather.
Han. Were not all tired with uſing ſo much Rage
On us: And yet you (Beautious *Caralinda*)
Seem'd fearleſs of the Furies of the Ocean.
Dreadleſs of thunder and lightning; whil'ſt my man
This Raſcall *Cacala* did nothing but ſhit,
And ſpew, and pray; when there was ſuch a Noiſe,
(Betwixt the Mariners voyces, and the Elements,)
That *Neptune* could not hear the timorous villain.
Caca. Sir, I did love you well: you have been bountifull
On all Occaſions to me, I elſe ſhould never

Have

Have left my Native Country pleasant *Italy*,
T' have undergon a voluntary Exile.
But had I ever dreamt on such a Passage,
Such Thunders, Whirlewinds, and such horrible Tempests,
I would have taken leave to stay in *Rome*.
Han. Although *Floretta* sometimes wept for fear,
She did not baul, and whine like thee,
Cac. No Matter.
She do's not know how pretious a Thing life is,
Flor. Surely I do; but well enough imagin'd,
That such ungovern'd Out-cries might disturb
The Company, yet not encline the gods,
The sooner to deliver us from drowning.
Caral. Intruth, *Cacala*, your fear was often times
So full of Noise, the Mariners could not hear,
Their own voyces to attend their Necessaries:
But, you perhaps are valianter at Land.
Han. He's every where a Coward *Caralinda*.
Cac. I would confute you (Sir,) with all my heart,
If you, and Mistris *Floretta* would consent to't:
Were I in bed with her, Ide prove my self,
As valiant as the proudest Captain living.
Han. How now you, saucy Rogue.
Flor. He talkes most wickedly.
Cac. I had rather do.

Flor.

Flor. You muſt go look a Mate then.
Caral. Where do you mean to to lye in *Tomos*, Captain?
Good Lodgings, here, I think are ſomewhat rare.
Han. As ſoon as we came to town I diſpach'd *Cacala*,
T' enquire out one Madam *Cypaſſis*, A Gentlewoman,
Of my Acquaintance in my very youth, ſhe was
A ſervant once unto the Princeſs *Julia*.
Caral. You rather ſhould ſay, T' *Ovid's* fam'd *Corinna*.
Han. By your fair leave, I know I ſpeak a Truth,
And were not *Ovid* timerous hee'd confeſs,
He *Julia* veild under *Corinna's* Name.
Cacala hath taken me Lodgings at *Cypaſſis*;
Where you may hear of your humble ſervant *Hannibal*.
Caral. And do's *Floretta* lye there alſo?
Han. Yes marry,
Venus defend elſe.
Caral. Then you do reſolve.
(It ſeems) to make a wedding on't.
Han. By no means, Madam, Neither pritty *Floretta*.
Nor *I*, are yet ſuch fools, to ſlight our Liberties,
Whilſt we like one another wee'l keep together,

And

And when we grow a weary we may part.
The world hath other men and women enow.
And we are both of us yet ignorant,
How ſoon we may affect variety.
Caca. But, fear you not the gods? Are they well pleas'd,
Think you, with ſuch a life?
Cacala. My Captain never
Fear'd any thing. And for Miſtriſs *Floretta*
What Man could do to her, ſhe never dreaded:
But how her Courage ſtands towards the gods,
I cannot ſay.
Flor. You ſay too much, *Cacala:* And muſt learn manners,
Or I muſt pray the Captain to beſtow
A Cudgell on you.
Cacala. Sure his valour ſcorns
Such mean employment: He diſdains to touch
A weapon that's beneath a ſword, or ponyard.
My noble Captain ever was accuſtom'd,
To give me leave to jeſt.
Han. But you muſt know,
Your diſtance to *Floretta.*
Caca. I know it but too well;
And alwaies am more diſtant then I would be.
Caral, But, Captain Ide adviſe you both to marry,
It is a life that is more honorable.
Cacala, You are deceived. (Madam *Caralinda*)

Our

Our *Roman* Captains think there is more honour
In keeping wenches, then in Marriage.
Han. Out upon Wedlock: *I* had rather hear
Alarums at Midnight then the Multitude
To baul *Thalaſſio*, at a Nuptials.
Caral. Y'are a mad Captain, *Hannibal.*
Hann. I acknowledg it.
And nere had elſe been banniſht into *Pontus.*
But where abouts in this town (*Caralinda*)
Do you intend to make abode.
Caral. At *Publius Ovidius Naſo's:*
I writ to him from *Rome*, t' entreat that Courteſy,
And he return'd me thither word (by Letter)
I ſhould be welcom; I have ſent my ſervants
Thither to prepare for me, and to beg
His company here, that he may be my Guide
Unto his houſe.
Han. Were *Ovid* in his Youth
He would be glad of ſuch a Purchaſe (Lady.)
Y' are of a tempting Beauty. He had fam'd you
Equall unto his ſo renownd' *Cornnia*,
Had he been then acquainted with your Excellencies.
Caral. You ſhame me Captain *Hannibal. I* am
So conſcious of my own deformities,

That

That I shall (all I may) shun publick view.
Besides I know the Noble Poet hath
Subdued his Passions, and is now become,
As rigid in his behaviour, as the gravest
Of all the ancient Philosophers.
Cacala. These women such Discourse affect as if
They were pure *Vesta*-Nuns. But they that do
Give credit to them, are of a Belief
That is not in my Creed,
Caral. You must have leave
To talk: know likewise Captain!
Enjoy'd the generous *Ovid* his prime youth;
And Flourished again in his own house,
(Adjoyning unto our triumphant Capitol)
I should choose to live with him. I do prize him
As the supreme wit of the Empire.
Whose Conversation ever was admired.
Besides, I dare presume on my own Temper,
I fear not the Temptations of all man kind;
And such Averseness have to all that Sex;
That here (in presence of the Immortall gods)
I vow (in that kind) never man shall touch me.
Cacala. For all your Confidence in your own Chastity,
(I speak it with a reverence to your merit.)
Beware of the old Game, and of the consequence,
Known commonly by the name, of *Great-Belly.*

Caral.

Caral. My Life (through all my Actions) ſhall vindicate
My Reputation ſpotleſs.
Han. Your Beauties, and unequald Qualities are
Too potent charms for frail mankind to know,
And not be conquer'd, by ſo many wonders.
Caca. Beſides her Cloathes would ſet ones teeth on edge.
Flor. On Shipbord ſhe went in an homelier habit.
Caral. The meaneſt Cloathes will ſerve at Sea for women:
Captains in *Tyrian*-dy'd Habiliments.
And with their divers-coloured Plumes ſhould flouriſh,
At all times in all Places to beget
Awe, and Reſpect, from thoſe they do converſe with.
Han. Fair *Caralinda*, you ſpeak Oracles:
The Hearts of all the *Getes* here, muſt do Homage
To your unparallel'd Perfections;
They will not only own you for moſt beautifull,
But the chief femal Gallant of the Province.

Enter Ovid.

Caral. Your Prayſes ſo tranſcend, they make me bluſh.
Ovid. Welcome my ſweeteſt Coſen *Caralinda.*
May all the gods of Seas and winds be pray's'd,
For your Arrivall in this Country ſafely.
Caral. Thanks, generous *Ovid*, I rejoyce to ſee
The wonder of the *Roman* Empire living.
Ovid. Oh ſpare to overvalue ſo your ſervant,
A ſerious Adorer of your virtues:
Admire only you have found me breathing,
After ſo many years here in Exilement.
Han. Madam, becauſe we ſee you in that Company
We know you have an honor for, and who will
Conduct you to your Lodgings, we will preſs
No further on your Privacies; But take
Our leave for this Time. May both gods, and men
Bear Hatred to *Tiberius*, untill he
Repeal the gentle *Ovid.* When we next
Do meet, we will converſe at large. May *Jove*
Juno, *Pallas*, and the whole Court of Deities,
Be evermore auſpicious to you both.
Caral. Alſo to me, Maſter; and to *Floretta*:
What ere we do, I'de have the gods be merciful.

Exeunt, Han. Flor. Cac.
Cara.

Caral. I need not hope I ſhall be ſafe, but be
ſecure I ſhall be ſo, while I continue in
Your houſe.
Ovid. You (Madam) to your ſelf ſhall pro-
miſe
All privacy you can deſire: you are
As ſecret as you were not in the world,
Although your Native City you inhabite,
Your name ſhall not eſcape my lips. But why
(if without an offence I may demand it)
Affect you ſuch concealment, now eſpecially
When all your friends would be ſo proud to
ſee you,
And in this time of publick joy?
Caral. Hereafter,
At better leaſure il'e acquaint you with
My very ſoul, in all Particulars.
Ovid. I will await your time. But when you
left,
The world's great Head, happy and flouriſhing
Rome,
How was *Tiberius* mov'd by the Intreaties
Of my dear wife, and ſome few reall friends,
That my Repeal ſollicited?
Caral. Your virtuous wife and many conſtant
friends,
Have not evaded any opportunity
In your behalf. And (though they have not
yet,
Effected their deſires in that Concern)

They do not diſpaire of proſperous ſucceſs
Ovid. I have two powerfull enemies I believe,
And ſuch who block up (with their imputations)
All waies of Mercy. And yet they are men,
I cannot accuſe my ſelf for ever injuring.
Caral. You alwaies was too noble to do wrongs.
Ovid. Even he that hath that cruelty of heart,
To tempt the wife of a poor baniſht-Man,
(Amidſt her ſighs and tears for my misfortunes)
Makes uſe of all the mighty Intereſt
He hath with *Cæſar*, ſtill to fix me here.
Pardon my paſſion, ye Juſt gods, if I
Do wiſh one day you will requite the Miſchiefs
Of *Cornificius*.
Caral. Your wife could make good Mirth with his Affection,
Were not her heart ſo ſad for your long Baniſhment.
Ovid. Some of my Griefes I have flung on him under
The counterfeit Name of *Ibis*.
Caral. Thoſe Curſes he richly deſerves. Our ſacred
Empreſs the ſweet condition'd *Julia*,
Hath from the Iſland *Trimerus*, (where ſhe
Hath liv'd confin'd about theſe twenty years)
Writ

Writ to him oft in your Behalf. But ſhe
(Although ſhe brought to him the world in Dowry)
Could not prevaile.
Ovid. She grac'd too much an Exile.
Caral. But had much reaſon to ſolicite throughly,
She being believ'd to be the fair *Corinna*,
Whom in your Poems you have celebrated.
Ovid. I pray you think not ſo: you wrong her virtues,
Of which I only was a true Adorer.
Cara. Though you deny it ne're ſo much, a Many,
And of the nobler ſort, believe it otherwiſe
Droop not beſt Poet; but Courage.
Ovid. Alas.
My hopes ſunk with *Auguſtus* to the Grave,
And here my aged bones muſt find an Urne,
Will you not ſee the Bridall houſe, although
In this diſguiſe, and ſure to be unknown?
Caral. I all thoſe Inclinations muſt ſuppreſs:
It is the will of Heaven, and not mine own,
Tis time we walk.
Ovid. I'm ready to attend you. *Exeunt.*

Scena ſecunda.

Enter Pyrontus ſolus.

Pyron. This ſweet and ſolitary Grove (adjoyning
To our Citie's walls,) I have made Choice to vent
My ſorrows in: This Place that many times
Clorina's ſmiling eies have graced more,
Then *Phœbus* with his beams could ever do.
Happy you Trees, whoſe roots received vigour
From the life-giving virtue of her looks:
And you ſweet Birds that chooſe this ſhady place,
To warble forth your various notes were bleſt,
To learn new Aires from bright *Clorina's* voice:
And all thoſe Beaſts are fortunate, that here
Enjoy the cooll ſhades, and the Cryſtall ſprings;
The waters and the graſs receiving virtue
(From her rich preſence) towards their eaſe, and nouriſhment
Even all th' Inhabitants of *Tomos* chooſe
This place to recreate their minds withall:
Pan, *Faunus*, *Satyres*, and the *Dryades*
Have not afforded me ſo good ſucceſs.
Wherefore alas! thus do I vainly taxe

The

The rurall gods? *Clorina* is my foe,
Elſe I had been as happy as *Baſſanes*;
Who is the moſt bleſt man of all the Empire,
And that unparallel'd Beauty doth enjoy,
Whoſe Loſs I muſt perpetually lament;
Whoſe Loſs muſt ſit ſo neer unto my Soul,
The world will want a Cure to make me whole.

Enter Cypaſſis.

Cypaſ. Thanks to theſe Trees auſpicious ſhades, whereby
I, undiſcover'd, have been made partaker
Of Lord *Pyrontus* Love unto the Bride.
I will obſerve (with all the curious ſearch
I may) what progreſs he intends to make,
And hope I ſhall raiſe motives to withdraw
Baſſanes from the dotage on his wife,
And fix his heart again upon *Spinella*.

Enter Pyrontus, *and* Philocles.

Philo. I have been ſearching for you long
Cypaſ. Tis beſt I do retire, where unperceiv'd
I their diſcourſe may over hear.
Philo. You ſhould not
Give ſuch a Liberty to your Melancholy,
Nor take delight in ſolitary walks.
My Lord *Pyrontus* in your early youth.

You was inſtructed (by the ableſt Maſters
That famous *Athens*, or triumphant *Rome*
Could glory in) in all the Principles
Of grave Philoſophy: reflect upon them
And raiſe your ſelf thence ſtrength to conquer theſe
Unruly paſſions.
Pyron. My dear *Philocles*,
'Tis very eaſy for a man to give
That counſell to his Friend, he could not follow
Himſelf, were he in his condition;
I want a power to perform't. The world
Cannot afford me means: I muſt enjoy
Clorina, or I utterly am loſt.
And therefore (though *Baſſanes* is my Friend,)
My Amity cannot enjoyn me ſilence
I muſt purſue my ſuit, and will.
Philo. Take heed:
You then will run a courſe againſt all Virtue,
Offend the ſacred Deities, whom we
Are bound by ſtricteſt Obligations,
To obſerve in all they have commanded us.
Pyron. But they are mercifull, and will forgive
Philoc. But tis inglorious to commit a Crime
Out of preſumption of a pardon; and
Your breach of friend-ſhip, all mankind will cenſure
An Act degenerating from true Nobility.

Pyron.

Pyron. Theſe Moralls (*Philocles*) are caſt away
On me, who am ſo overwhelm'd in Love,
I have not Reaſon left to practiſe them.
Philo. But you will have ſufficient if you would
Take up a Reſolution to withſtand
This dangerous paſſion.
Pyron. Tis in vain to preach
Theſe things to me: I muſt enjoy *Clorina*,
Or leave you friend for ever, I ſhall dye.
Philoc. How this untoward Love deſtroyes your ſenſe!
Pyron. There is not Oratory enough on earth,
To win me from the Purſuit of my love,
One way or other I muſt get *Clorina*:
And to invent a Means to compaſs her,
Shall be my only ſtudy; And if I prove
So fortunate as to accompliſh that,
I ſhall account my ſelf a Favorite,
The moſt eſteemed of by the Gods.
Philo. Fiends rather.
Pyron. Then I ſhall find there is a Fate attends
On Lovers; Harſh Beginnings, happy Ends.
Exit Pyrontus.
Philo. I will not give him over thus, but follow him.
And though I have ſmall Hopes I ſhall prevaile
Yet I (in Friendſhip) am obliged to do
My beſt to ſtop him in this vitious Courſe.
O brave *Pyrontus*! How hath impious Love
Abus'd thy Reaſon with this mighty Dotage!

He

He that hath been the Glory of this Province,
Will make himſelf, this way, the ſhame and
ſcandall. *Exit Philocles.*

Cypaſſis *diſcloſeth her ſelf.*

Cypaſſis. Is he ſo hotly ſet that none beſide,
The Bride can ſatisfy his luxurie!
This ſhall *Baſſanes* know. Now will I work
With all the treacherous Art I'm Miſtris of,
To raiſe a Diſcord in their Marriage, ſhe
Is made of Fleſh and blood and may prove falſe.
Pyrontus is reſolved to Court her ſtrongly;
A Gallant Gentleman, hanſome as any,
Perfect in amorous Complements no doubt.
I wonder how he miſt her, if he ever
Made it his buſineſs to obtain her favour.
I wiſh him good Succeſs. May this *Clorina*
Fall into his Embraces: Then my Girle
Spinella it is likely may ariſe
Into her former Favour with *Baſſanes.*
Hee's rich, and bountifull; And ſuch are wel-
come
Unto young Women; who will looſe no time,
And love to live in Flouriſh of the faſhion.

Enter Baſſanes.

Baſſanes. I like this Marriage well, For now I
lead

My

My Life in favour of our beſt of gods.
I have liv'd looſely long enough, and paid
My ſervices to *Venus*, and wild *Priapus*.
Juno will now befriend me, ſure, and *Hymen*
Rain bleſſings on my head, and Family.
Cypaſſis. Good day, my Lord *Baſſanes*! what alone?
Can you ſo ſoon deprive your ſelf of the
Fair Sun-ſhine of your bright *Clorina's* eies?
Find in your heart to be out of her Company?
Baſſanes. I muſt not be a ſhadow to my wife,
Nor ſhe to me: we muſt not evermore
Follow each other; ſo our Loves might prove
Troubleſome to our ſelves. But ſay, *Cypaſſis*;
What buſineſs brought you hither? Is't for health's ſake
That you are come to walk, and take the Aire:
Or out of hope to meet me here, to tell me?
Fictitious ſtories of *Spinella's* Love
To me?
Cypaſſis. I had not any ſuch intention:
Affection to the Groves, and a deſire
To exerciſe my ſelf a while in walking,
Did bring me hither. But I've loſt my labour,
And (as you came) was a returning home.
Baſſanes. This is a Riddle, Who could hinder
You from walking?
Cypaſſis. My own Curioſity,
I have been liſtning to the ſaddeſt ſpeech,
That ever yet did paſs a Lover's lips.

Baſſanes.

Baſſanes. Prethee *Cypaſſis*, Who had the ill Fortune,
To vent his Sorrows in thy hearing?
Cypaſſis. A friend
Of yours: But tis no matter who, you are
In a Condition of ſuch Happineſs
That it would be an Incivility in me,
To cauſe the leaſt ſad thoughts in you. Continue
In mirth, and Jollity; And ſo, Farewell.
Baſſanes. I pray thee ſtay a while. I muſt confeſs
I have a Curioſity to know,
Who this is that you call a Friend of mine,
Who can be ſad now I am grown ſo happy.
Cypaſſis. My Lord *Baſſanes*! I muſt crave your pardon,
Secrets of Love you know ſhould be conceal'd.
Baſſanes. I am no Common Prattler.
Cypaſſis. For old Acquaintance ſake I cannot chooſe,
But tell you any thing you ſhall requeſt.
Baſſanes. I thank you. How doth fair *Spinella?* I
Should have enquired ſooner of her health,
But your diſcourſe drew me aſide from it.
Cypaſſis. Oh! how you flatter me. I eaſily can
Believe you have forgotten her for ever.
Baſſanes. You wrong our Friendſhip: Happineſs I wiſh her,
As much as you and ſhe can both deſire.

Cypaſſis.

Cypaſſis. Ile tell her ſo, and ſo again Farewell.
Baſſanes. Nay tell me(ere you go)what Friend of mine
Is grown ſo Amorous, and ſo paſſionate.
Cypaſſis. Since you will have me, think.
Baſſanes. I cannot gueſs,
Cypaſſis. It is *Pyrontus.*
Baſs. It may be ſo, yet he
Never reveal'd to me he was in love.
Cypaſſis. At that I make no wonder.
Baſſa. Whom ſhould he
Be ſo enamour'd of?
Cypaſſis. *Clorina's* eyes
Have Beams enough a Province to enflame.
Baſſanes. My wife!
Cypaſſis. The very ſame.
Baſſanes. He ſurely then will ſtifle
His paſſion generouſly, and not attempt
The wife of his approved Friend.
Cypaſſis. You gueſs amiſs. He is reſolv'd to try
Her to the utmoſt. He's a proper Gentleman,
And (I believe) hath a prevailing language:
You may be civill to him, and be wary.
Baſſanes. It is too likely. On our Marriage-night
He ſo abruptly did depart, he gave us
Not leaſure enough to take our leaves; A ſigne
He wanted patience to look on my Joyes.
Cypaſ. I thought he ſomwhat ſuddainly was gon;
But Love's a paſſion not to be commanded.
Baſſanes. What was't he in your hearing ſaid?
Cypaſſis. Alas! Enough:

Enough: Too much. He doth deserve our pitty,
Philocles did surprise him, and did use
His best Perswasions to divert him from
So vain, and dangerous an Affection.
Bassanes. Come to particulars, my good *Cypassis,*
Conceal not from me any thing. The gods
Did guide you hither t' over-hear him, Why
Stand you in such suspence?
Cypassis. Take heed, my Lord *Bassanes!* Oh, beware
Of Jealousy, Tis an accursed Fiend,
That otherwise your Quiet will molest,
Involve you in a Perpetuity
Of hideous *Chimæra's.* Fair *Clorina*
Is innocent, and of a spotless virtue,
She is not accessary to his fault;
If to be beautifull be not a Crime.
Bassanes. I am not jealous; neither will be ever.
Cypassis. A Resolution worthy your great mind,
And worthy the Respects you ought to owe,
And pay, unto the virtues of your Lady.
Bassanes. I know her excellent body is enricht
With so sublime a spirit, and so pure,
That Vice dares not approach her thoughts. Be free
Therefore, and tell me all thou know'st.

Cypassis.

Cypaſſis. You may command me; And I will conceal
Nothing from you.
Baſſanes. Good old *Cypaſſis*! thanks.

Exeunt Ambo.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Pyrontus, *and* Clorina.

Clorina. For ſhame *(Pyrontus)* ceaſe to proſecute
A ſuit ſo much beneath your Honour, and
So prejudiciall to my Reputation:
I muſt not hear you.
Pyron. What a miſery,
To be condemn'd to an eternall Penury,
And be forbidden to complain! Fair, cruell
Clorina, do not ſo inſult. Although
I am moſt wretched, it's in your power to make me
Happy, when you ſhall pleaſe to be but kind.
Clorina. I am not of a ſalvage nature, neither
Ever rejoyc'd at any bodie's Grief,
I wiſh you all content, and ever did
A wife ſuperiour unto me in all things.
Sink not beneath this paſſion of your Love.
You under-valued evermore your merits,

To

To think of me in that way.
Pyron. You abuſe
The trueſt affection amorous heart did ever
Pay to his Miſtriſs, if you think I can
Efface your Image in my ſoul. The Centre
Of this vaſt Globe we breathe on, is not faſter
Fix'd then your Beauties here: Here in my Boſome
They ſit triumphant. *Ætna* in its torney-Entrals
Doth nouriſh leſſer Flames, then burn me daily;
And yet you have no pitty for my ſufferings.
Clorina. Alas! what, would you have me make my ſelf
A Beaſt, of ſuch an horrid name I tremble
But to think of it? All the gods forbid,
Would you have her, whom you have caſt away
Some kindneſs on, become an whore? My heart
Trembles to think upon't. And the ſwift Lightning
Of Bluſhes flies into my Cheeks. Me thinks
My tongue doth burn like fire within my Mouth,
Since it did mention ſo abhord a name.
Pyront. Will you then never think me worth your mercy?
Shall the vain terrours of an empty name,

Condemn

Condemn me to a languiſhing life forever.
Clorina. You gods are Witneſſes, that know my thoughts,
I would not, by the wrack of Chaſtity,
And proving to my marriage falſe, redeem
My ſelf from the moſt cruell death that Tyrant
Did ever invent for his moſt hated enemy.
Pyron. More mercileſs then worſt of all thoſe Tyrants!
Can you refuſe a Courteſy to me,
Which my aſſiduous ſevices may plead for?
And ſuch an one, as can be never known,
Neither impoveriſh you in the leaſt degree?
Reflect upon my miſery, ſweet *Clorina*,
And imitate the gods in Mercy.
Clorina. Rather the Fiends, if I ſhould be ſo wicked.
The Lord *Pyrontus* (whom I heretofore
Did look upon as a moſt noble Perſon,
Accompliſh'd with the virtues) hath declar'd
Or Counterfeited himſelf an Atheiſt, to
Allure *Clorina* from her Purity.
The gods ſee every thing. Nature, nor Art,
Can any thing conceal from them. Thoughts which
Did never take the aire in words, to them
Diſcover'd lye: And is it not far worſe,
To have the gods to ſee our Crimes then men?
Could I prove guilty of ſo foul a fault,

I ſhould impoveriſh my ſelf to nothing;
A Bankrupt be in honor; which who wants
Is a companion fit for ſuch wild people,
As never heard the name of virtue. Riches
Are Fortune's Trifles, neither altogether
To be deſpis'd, or doted on; but well us'd.
Poor Virtue is moſt rich. Virtue it ſelf
Was (by the Ancients) held the greateſt wealth.

Pyron. In your Diſcourſe you are too much a Stoick:
Young Ladies hearts ſhould not ſo utterly
Be void of all Compaſſion.

Clorina. I muſt leave you,

Pyron. Not without hope of Comfort, I beſeech you,
Let me but taſt of thoſe ſweet Delicacies.
You cloy *Baſſanes* with, if it be poſſible
He can be ſatiated with ſuch delights.

Clorina. I treſpaſs on my modeſty to hear you.
Exit.

Pyron. In a condition ſhe ſo ſad hath left me,
Joy is become an Exile from my heart.
To love and not be lov'd, is ſuch a Curſe
Jove (on his Foes) cannot inflict a worſe.
Exit.

Actus

Actus Tertii, Scena Prima.

Enter, Ovid, *and* Caralinda.

Ovid. *Traſullus* is a great Aſtrologer,
In'th Mathematicks skilfull to perfection:
For his profounder knowledg, the *Chaldaans*
Subnit all to him.
Caral. Therefore I have reaſon,
More ſtrictly to obſerve th' advice he gave me;
And wait for the Accompliſhment of the Fortune,
Which he foretold me.
Ovid. But fair, *Caralinda*!
I would not have you either be too ſcrupulous,
Or negligent. The skill which they pretend to
Hath but foundation upon Probabilities:
The glorious Planets may incline, but force not.
We have a Liberty within our ſelves;
Our wills are free, not ſlaves unto the Stars.
Caral. Though I believe you; I am ſo ſuperſtitious
I ſhall expect the Accompliſhment of his Propheſy.

Further Diſcourſe of it I ſhall forbear now,
And chooſe a worthier ſubject for our talke.
Tell me (dear *Ovid*) therefore how the Fair
Bride's fairer ſiſter doth enjoy her health?
I left her (when I went to Travail) like
Illuſtrious *Phœbus* riſing in the ſpring,
Without a Cloud about his Temples, promiſing
A bright day to the world. I left her in
Her early youth, but with ſo growing a Beauty,
That ſurely now tis able to work wonders.
Ovid. Indeed ſhe is a Miracle of Perfection;
Nature hath prodigally beſtow'd upon her
All her rich gifts: ſhe is ſo fine a Virgin,
That I ſhould wrong her to deſcribe her Farther.
Health dares not be ſo rude as to forſake her,
Nor ſickneſs ſo uncivill to approach her.
Caral. You have deliver'd her to my Amazement:
But I did alwaies look that ſhe would prove,
The Glory of this Province for her Beauty.
Ovid. But *Armelina* hath beſides a Soul,
Repleniſh'd ſo with goodneſs, and all virtue,
That were it lodg'd in any other body,
It would be lock'd up in a Cabinet,
Too mean for ſuch a precious Jewel.
Caral. Ovid!

She is oblig'd to you for the rich Character
You have beſtow'd upon her.
Ovid. You miſtake me,
I cannot ſpeak her to her merit. You
Will think (when you ſhall ſee her) I have
Injur'd her;
Her Merits do ſo much exceed all Language.
Caral. We two have from our Childhood had
a Friendſhip,
And ſhe will grace me to continue it;
If ſhe be ſuch an one, as you have ſpoke her.
Ovid. Ah! *Caralinda* I am grown too old,
To be a Flatterer.

Enter Armelina.

Here ſhe comes; and I
Appeal to your own eyes, to be my witneſs.
You grace me (*Armelina*) by this viſit.
You ſeem a Deity; And bring a Comfort
To any Place you honor with your Preſence.
Armelina. Duty obliges me to wait upon
A Perſon ſo Renowned as is *Ovid*,
One baniſh'd from his Friends, and native
Country
And (in his Age) confin'd to our poor City.
Ovid. You have a Charity equall to your Beauty,
This Lady is my Coſen born at *Sulmo*;

The Place of my Nativity, you will honor me
To favour her with your Acquaintance, and
(As you hereafter ſhall approve of her)
With your fair Friendſhip too.
Armelina. The generous *Ovid*,
New Obligations laye upon me daily.
Ovid. My Kinſwoman is your ſervant. *Caralinda!*
This Lady is the excellent *Armelina*
We were diſcourſing of, and I commending
(For who do's otherwiſe that ſpeaks of her,
Doth ſin againſt the greateſt Truth on earth)
As ſhe came in.
Armelina. Madam! I kiſs your hand; And am ambitious
Of your acquaintance, and Affection.
So excellent a Kinſwoman of *Ovids*
Muſt find my beſt Reſpects, and trueſt Love.
Caralina. Admirable *Armelina!* you are of
A Goodneſs ſo immenſe, that you may caſt
Away of it on others an abundance,
And not impoveriſh your ſelf at all.
Armelina. I wiſh
Pontus had any Perſon in it worthy
To be a Suitor to you for your love;
That here you might be married, and fix.
We would not looſe ſuch Graces you are Miſtris of
Now we have ſeen you once. *Ovid* me thinks
Should

Should joy to have ſo great a Comfort near him,
And ſetled paſt the fear of Removall.
Caralina. Madam! my ſtay may prove much longer then
You do imagine. But let my occaſions
Prove how they can (you with your Curteſy,
Have won ſo on me) that without your leave
I'le not return.
Armelina. You are too gracious, and have ſo engag'd me,
I know not what to ſpeak or think.
Ovid. You ſaw,
I will believe (in *Rome*) one *Phœbianus.*
A Gentleman of this Country, and this City.
Caralina. I ſaw him oft, and know him very well,
For he was pleas'd t' afford his friendſhip to me.
Ovid. When thinks he of returning? He ſtayes long,
Armelina. I can imagine he is ſo diſcreet,
That he had rather live in the Metropolis
Of all the world, then in a ſolitude
Retir'd (in a manner) from the world,
Upon the Confines of the Empire here:
And to that purpoſe he hath mighty reaſon
To chooſe himſelf (among the *Roman* Ladies)
A wife whoſe matchleſs Beauty ſhall have power,

To fix him there for ever.
Caral. By your fair leave,
Dear *Armelina*, I with confidence
Dare say he shortly will be here.
Armel. Why pray you?
Can he escape the *Roman* killing Beauties,
And slight so much his own full happiness,
As to return a Batcheler to *Tomos*,
And here take up with an inferiour woman
To be his wife. He hath too much discretion,
To be found guilty of so great a weakness.
Caral. You are a stranger it seems to his affection:
For he hath left his heart here. Divers times
He hath told me, he hath such a Mistris here,
That *Rome*, and all the World, doth want her equall:
That there is neither *Cæsar*, King, or Tetrarch,
But would elect her rather for his wife,
Then be an Emperour of the Universe,
And have all Mankind Loyall Subjects to him.
Ovid. Who should that Beauty be?
Armel. This Province, sure,
Hath none of so supream an Excellency,
As he to you hath intimated. Poets
Report that Love is blind: And if he choose
A wife in *Pontus* (after he hath seen,
Those glorious Ladies in *Tiberius* Court)
He will too late (by his Experience) find
That he in his own Choice was also blind.

Ovid.

Ovid. Do you not know her name he ſo affects?
Armel. He is an handſome Gentleman, and if
He comes not back debauched with the Luxuries.
Of that proud City, nor infected with
The vices of it, He is a Perſonage
Of eminent virtues. Such he went from us;
And I ſhall hope he will come back untainted,
And be an honour to his native Country.
Ovid. But ſtill my Curioſity is unſatisfi'd,
What might her name be, he doth celebrate
With ſuch Encomiums?
Caral. Perhaps it might offend him if I ſhould
Reveal that ſecret.
Ovid. Do not think it, I
Believe (if he were here and I requir'd it)
He it from me would not conceale: And I
Dare paſs my word the Lady *Armelina*
Will be as private in't, as you can wiſh.
Caral. Madam! I eaſily will believe, that you
Care not at all to hear it.
Armel. I dare not (in modeſty) be ſo inquiſitive,
Ladies would have their Loves conceal'd.
Ovid. Sweet Coſen!
Dear *Caralinda*, tell us who it is.
Caral. Sweet *Armelina*! I muſt needs obey,

Tis

Tis you that he affects.
Armelina. You jeſt with me, and he abuſes me,
To make me the ſubject of his mirth.
Caralina. I'm ſure
You are miſtaken much: He hath expreſt
Too great a Love for you, to be in jeſt.
Armelina. There may be other women of my Name,
For ought I know in *Tomos* or in *Pontus.*
Caralina. If you *Clorina's* Siſter are, tis you.
Armelina. You make me bluſh. A better choice I wiſh him.
Caralina. Were all the Beautifull Ladies in the world
Together, and among them, he might ſelect
Freely which he ſhould pleaſe, I know the vehemency
Of his Paſſion ſuch, he would take you:
And you are of an Excellency ſo unparallel'd
That he would wrong his Judgment, if he ſhould
Erre into any other Choice.
Armelina. You complement too much: you Flatter me.
Ovid. You do an Injury to your mighty merits
Deſerve the Praiſe of all the world.
Armelina. Pray let us
Diſcourſe of ſomething elſe.

Ovid.

Ovid. Since you will have it ſo,
Let us withdraw; And taſte a Glaſs
Of *Cretane* wine.
Caral. Dedicate one health
To *Phœbianus*, and his ſpeedy Return.
Exeunt Omnes.

Actus Tertii, Scena ſecunda.

Enter Dacus, Cypaſſis, *and* Spinella.

Dacus. Now we are Friends again.
Cypaſſis. All very good Friends,
Dacus. *Spinella* too will ſmile upon me.
Spinella. Laugh at you alſo, when you deſerve it,
Dacus. My wonderfull old Mother! Dear *Cypaſsis*
You are growen merrier of late, and it
Becomes you well; makes you grow fat, and hold
The Relicts of your Beauty up together:
If there be any woman in the world.
That doth remember the building of the Capitoll
I dare pronounce tis you. I wiſh I had
But as much mony as you have ſpent in Almanacks,
(Reckoning but one for a year) ſince you could make

make uſe of them; And I
Should be as rich as a Governor of a Province;
And have Gold
Enough to make daily high Entertainments
Of the beſt Sweetmeats, and rich Grecian wines
For you, and my *Spinella*, and maintain her
In clothes beſeeming one of *Cæſars* Family.
Cypaſſis. Well, well Captain *Dacus*: For all you
make a jeſt at my Age, you would
Be very glad to live ſo long your ſelf.
Spinel. I think there is ſmall reaſon to imagine
He will arrive to ſuch an Antiquity.
His Debaucheries will ſhorten his daies. Beſides
He is ſo quarrelſom, that tis a wonder
That he hath liv'd till now.
Dac. Pritty *Spinella*, you ſteer an other Courſe;
Are tame enough, as Gentle as a Cad;
And he that gives you mony cannot Injure you.

Enter Hannibal, Cacala, *and* Floretta.

Spinella. You prate, you prate.
Hannibal. Is the meat ready yet.
Cacala. Whether it be or no, my ſtomack's
ready for it.
Cypaſſis. It is; but we muſt ſtay for Lord *Baſſanes*.
Han. Will he be here, *Cypaſſis?*
Cypaſ. Yes, and his friend *Marullus*.
Han. The more the merrier, my reverent Mother.

Cacala.

Cacala. But the fewer the better Cheare: I ſay.
Dacus. *Jove* ſave you, Captain *Hannibal.* And *Venus*,
Delicate *Floretta*, ſmile upon you alwaies.
Han. Mars (Captain *Dacus*) be thy Friend, and Victory
Sit on thy ſwords point, when thou go'ſt to battail.
Caca. If Victory be of any weight, he had better
Carry her behind him on horſe-back through the Field.
Floret. You look, *Spinella*, very well to day, are neatly attir'd,
You meet with wealthy Servants; elſe you could
Not go ſo richly clad.
Spinel. You weare as good Cloathes as I; which makes me conclude that
Captain *Hannibal* is of a wealthy Fortune.
Floret. His ſword hath been his mony; Tis it that hath
Purchas'd him an Eſtate ſufficient,
To live in nobler ſplendour then he doth.
But he's content without the Noiſe of Clyents,
And a Retinue of many Servants. *Cacala*
Serves him for man; And me for Maid.
Dacus. I wiſh *Baſſanes* would appear. Tis pitty
Good meat (out of a Complement) ſhould be ſpoyl'd

Spinel.

Spinella. He is a Perſon of his word.
Cypaſſis. And will
Be ſuddainly here I dare aſſure it.
Cacala. But how if he comes not this hower yet?
Cypaſſis. We muſt ſtay for him.
Cacala. I would then I were a Lord, and the better of the two; That we might go to our meat preſently, and he come at his own leaſure, and ſit down accordingly.

Enter Baſſanes, *and* Marullus.

Dacus. Long look'd for comes at laſt!
Cypaſſis. My Lord *Baſſanes* welcome! Friend *Marullus*!
Y'are welcom too.
Baſſanes. You ſee I trouble you *Cypaſſis.* Why
Seems my *Spinella* diſcontent?
Spinella. Becauſe
She is not yours. You have forſaken me
I have not ſeen you many a day.
Baſſanes. I ſhall
Not hereafter be ſuch a ſtranger to you.
Marullus. Theſe wenches ſtrange Temptations are. Yet ſure
Clorina's Beauties, and the ſacred knot
Of *Hymen* will continue him in virtue.
Baſſanes. Your daughter looks exceeding well,
Cypaſſis, She's

She's Miſtriſs of a Beauty ſo ſupream
It is above the rage of time, or ſickneſs.
Cypaſſis. *Venus* be prais'd, ſhe needs no Art, and never
Readd *Ovids* Poem of the skill of Painting,
She knows not what belongs unto a *Fucus*:
Her Face doth ever weare its native Colours.
Spinel. Mother! the very thought of the Ingredients
Of Paint, would powerfully deterre me from it
I ſhould be ſick to daub my Face with Oyntments
Made of the ſpawne of Snakes, Spittle of *Jews*,
And Mird of Infants.
Flor. Many a Gentlewoman
Of good Repute, and excellent Features alſo,
Have not ſo nice a ſtomack.
Cypaſ. I credit it:
And have known many (who uſe Art themſelves)
Rail at it with ſo fine an Impudency,
As if they did intend to win beliefe,
To paint they ſuch Averſion had, as they
Scorn'd (with it) to adulterate their Faces.
Mar. You women no Diſſemblers are! He that
Can live without you is an happy man.
Caca. In my opinion, you *Floretta* had
Better become my wife, then thus continue

A Concubine to Captain *Hannibal*.
Floret. I ſhall inform him of your ſaucineſs
If you deſiſt not from your ſuit. Know *Cacala*
I ſcorn to be a wife to thee.
Caca. No more:
You have more Cauſe to ſcorn to be a Whore
Aſide.
Flor. What mutter you?
Caca. No matter of Importance. I conceit
Your converſation with the Captain hath
Inſpir'd you with valour.
Flor. Preethee wherefore?
Caca. Becauſe you lead ſuch an Incontinent
Life;
I think you do not fear the Gods.
Flor. Adon;
Or I will make you fear my *Hannibal's* Anger.
Cypaſ. Our meat ſtayes on us.
Baſſanes. Mother lead the way.
Give me your hand *Spinella*,
Spin. And my heart.
Dacus. I fear *Baſſanes* will renew his Love.
Exeunt.
Could I win her affection. I would marry her
And take her to *Rome* out of his reach, ſhe is
Cypaſſis only Child; And they are rich.
She may turne honeſt after ſhe's a wife:
However Mony makes an happy Life. *Exit.*

Actus

Actus Tertii, Scena Tertia.

Enter Armelina Sola.

Armelina. *Ovids* fair Coſen *Caralinda* hath
Inſpir'd a ſpirit of Joy into me. Thoſe
Sweet words ſhe told me of my *Phœbianus*,
Sunk pleaſantly into my heart, and thence
Diſperſe a Comfort unto all my Senſes.
Before he travail'd, he would often whiſper
Kind Accents in my ears of his Affection.
But (though I wiſh'd him well) I durſt not give
Too eaſy Credit to his amorous tongue.
Yet from my Childhood I have had a kindneſs
For him, as he profes'd he had for me.
His Conſtancy my only Comfort is;
And I will pay with my Affection his.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Baſſanes, *and* Dacus.

Baſſanes. You ſhould not be ſo angry. He intended
You no Affront. He had been drinking ere

We came. You ſaw he had as much as he
Could beare: Come therefore in again, ſhake hands
And ſtill continue Friends.
Dacus. It muſt not be
Refuſe my Miſtriſs health! It is a Crime,
Which nothing but his death ſhall expiate.
His body goes to *Atoms* for't, and's Soul
Whither it pleaſeth ſurly *Caron* to Waft it.
Have I been ever his continuall Friend,
Waited on all his worſt Extravagancies
With my unwearied valour, and my ſword?
And am I ſlighted thus! I will rouſe up
The dreadfull Furies from infernall ſhades,
To ſtigmatize him full of my revenge.
The laſting Scars of his Ingratitude.

Enter Marullus, Cypaſſis, Hannibal, Cacala, Floretta, Spinella.

Cypaſſis. Il'e have no quarrelling in my houſe, you ſhall be Friends. He ſhall drink *Spinella's* health, and have no more.
Caca. And you can hinder Quarrels in a Baudy-houſe, you have more power then a Conſtable. But if you force him to drink her health; Let him have ſomething more, have her too, though it be but to night.
Spin. Leave pimping *Cacala*, I have no need
Of your aſſiſtance in this kind. *Baſſanes*

And

Let me entreat that you would reconcile them
Baſſa. Marullus! I conjure you by our Friend-
ſhip:
And Captain *Dacus*! He ſhall have the Boule.
pointing to Marullus.
Mar. You ſhall command me.
Spin. If you expecting favour you muſt leave
Theſe humours. Are you Friends?
Dacus. I muſt obey you.
Flor. Shake hands, and let us in again.
Cypaſ. I need not of *Clorina's* Health enquire
She cannot but be well whom you affect.
Baſſa. Cypaſſis! this is pritty Complement,
She's free from ſickneſs, and I will be care-
full
To keed her clear from any vitious Act.
Cypaſ. Doubtleſs ſhe's virtuous: Trouble not
your head
With Jealouſy.
Baſſa. I will be wiſe, old Mother!
Han. Come Captain.
We men of Warre are for the Field, and
there
Will be victorious; Let the woman here.
Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Clorina *above, as in her Chamber.*

Clorina. I am lock'd in, and at it am amaz'd;
But will conceale it from my ſervants while
I any Excuſe can find. It needs muſt be
My Husband; For he laſt was with me here.
I did not hear him doo't; but (in all likelihood)
Twas he, when's mind did run on ſomething elſe.
I am ſo innocent I ſhould fear nothing,
And yet ſo timerous that I am in dread.

Enter Pyrontus, *and* Philocles *below.*

Pyrontus and his Friend are come into
The Garden: Gracious Heaven divert him from
The Proſecution of his ſuit to me.
My troubleſom thoughts have brought a Drouſineſs
Upon me. Sleep ſhall entertain my time
Untill *Baſſanes* comes, and ope's the door.

I

I will not force the lock, becauſe I am
A ſtranger to the reaſon I'm made Priſoner.
Perhaps my Husband knowes ſome Mortall danger
Deſign'd againſt me, and hath thus ſecur'd me
Till his return. *Withdraws.*
Pyron. My *Philocles*, by all
The Circumſtances of our mighty Friendſhip,
I pray thee vex me with no more Diſſwaſions.
I cannot look upon my Paſſion to,
The fair *Clorina* as a Crime. If tis
Offence on her to be enamour'd, ſure
All mankind that beholds her, muſt be guilty.
Philoc. You are ſo obſtinate, my heart foretels me
You will draw Miſchiefs on your head. For Heavens ſake
Conſider on your Friendſhip to *Baſſanes*,
Reflect upon the Contumely, you
Will bring upon you from the Mouthes of all,
For your unbridled Appetite to the Wife
Of your approved Friend; and for the Breach
Of Sacred Amity by ſuch a Crime.
Pyron. Your words you ſcatter in the wind to give
Counſell to me. My Friendſhip muſt ſubmit
To my more powerfull Love.

Philoc. Noble *Pyrontus*,
Tis not too late yet to conſult with Reaſon.
Pray give me leave to wait upon you home.
Rouſe your depreſſed Vertue up, and let
Time, your own Courage, and the gods Aſſiſtance,
Clear your brave mind, from all theſe vitious Flames.
Pyron. I will not leave the houſe till I have ſeen
And ſpoken with *Clorina*.
Philoc. You have heard
She is retir'd into her Chamber, there
Hath lock'd her ſelf up; And you may believe
Tis done to ſhun your Courtſhip. Will you goe?
Pyron. I will not ſtir from hence, till I have bleſt
My eyes with the moſt glorious Beams of hers.
Philoc. I then muſt take my leave. If I can do
No good with my Entreaties to my Friend.
The world ſhall not inflict their Curſes on me,
As if that I conniv'd at his Impieties.
I pray you come away.
Pyron. All-powerfull Love,
Hath charm'd me from obeying your Commands.

Philoc.

Philoc. Farewell then; but be wiſe and follow me, *Exit Philocles.*

Pyron. So let him go. I undiſturb'd may now
Enjoy my thoughts, and follow my own *Genius.*
She is not ſick, and yet ſhe keeps her Chamber;
And locks her ſelf in, to my greater Prejudice.
That is the window to't. Oh! For the power
Of *Jove*, t' fall on her in a golden ſhower.
Mercury! thanks. The Gardiner hath left
A Ladder here. Il'e reare it up and venture
Thereby to get a ſight of her; And (if
I elſe where muſt not) there declare my grief.
Rears and climbs up the Ladder.
The window open! every thing foretells
Happy ſucceſs! ——— ſhe lyes upon her Bed!
Looks like *Diana* toyld with rurall ſports.
Fortune hath thus far favour'd me, and I
Will by her Foretop hold, and venture in.
Degenerate Minds are known by Fear: And Fate
Makes the audacious Perſons fortunate.
She ſleeps! *Morpheus* his heavy hand hath laid,
On the fair Lids of her bright eyes. Il'e kiſs
Them open, till thoſe Suns appear
And ſhall diſperſe thoſe Clouds.

Clorina. My Lord! *Baſſanes*!
You to *Clorina* are moſt welcom ever.
Alas! I am deceiv'd: What Spectre's this
That haunts me in *Pyrontus* ſhape?
Pyrontus. It is
No aiery Apparition, but the wretched
Pyrontus ſelf, who hath preſum'd to ſteal
Upon your Privacies.
Clorina. For Heavens ſake go, and never ſee me more.
Your ſelf you too much trouble, and expoſe
Me (whether I will or no) to ſo much Ignominy
By this Intruſion, that ſhould it be known
My Reputation would be overthrown.
For Heavens ſake, hence immediatly retire
Without a word.
Pyron. Have you no pitty yet?
Clorina. Have you no Goodneſs?
No care, and no Reſpect for a poor woman?
A Married one, and your Friend's Wife? You gods
Deliver me (in ſafety) from this Monſter.
Men have exil'd all Piety from their hearts,
I muſt not hope for any ſuccour from them.
Fie, fie *Pyrontus*! if you have not made
A league with hell, and miſchief, vaniſh ſtreight,
And purge your foul Soul by ſincere Repentance.
Pyron. Are you of ſo ſupream a Beauty, that

It

It were profaneſs to compare you to
The faireſt of women kind (I think I may
Say, *Venus* ſelf doth want of your Perfections?)
And can you harbour ſo ſevere a mind,
Within ſo rich a body? Give a Period
To your long Cruelty, and mercy ſhew.
Clorina. You blaſt me with your words, ſtudy my Ruine.
Pyron. Deareſt *Clorina*! Have a Milder thought
Of my immenſe affection. In a body
(By Nature's liberall hand fram'd to a wonder)
Lodge not a ſoul for ever voide of pitty;
Slight not my knees thus bow'd to move a tenderneſs,
In your ſo long inexorable heart;
Neither deſpiſe my tears; which thus I powre
A ſacrifice to your diſdain: No longer
Attire your heart in Robes of Salvageneſs,
Armour impenetrably cold. Oh! Mollify it
With the Remembrance of the aſſiduous ſervice
That I have paid you, upon all Occaſions.

Enter Baſſanes, *and* Marullus *below.*

Baſſa. Marullus! I have pas'd my word to make
This Afternoon a Viſit to *Spinella.*

Mar.

Mar. You will not ſo diſcourteous be I know:
Your friend *Pyrontus* (as I herd within)
Is come to ſee you, and is in the Garden.
It ſeems he is retir'd into ſome of
The ſolitary walkes; being out of ſight.
Baſſa. Faithfull *Marullus* ! I will not conceal
A thought from you that doth diſturb my Breaſt.
He's to our Friendſhip falſe, loves my *Clorina*,
And (if he hath not yet) intends to tempt her
By his leud Courtſhip to incontinent Life.
Becauſe to day I meant to go unto
Cypaſſi's houſe, I've lock'd her in her Chamber,
To prevent him of his wild Aimes.
Marullus. I think
I hear his voice in the next Ally to us
Baſſa. My wife is with him: Her tongue I'm well acquainted with.
Mar. It ſeems they are together.
Baſſa. Hear ſtands a Ladder at her Chamber window,
How came it hither ! Hark ——— O monſtrous villany,
He by it is got up into her Chamber:
I am betraid; *Marullus* baſely injur'd.
Forſake me not (my Friend) in my adverſity,
Remove the Ladder ſafely without noiſe.

Watch

Watch here *Marullus*, that he ſlides not down
And ſo eſcapes; And this great Trechery,
(By both of them) be impudently denied.
So, ſo, 'tis done without diſcovery.
Lay it down there or any where. I now
Will go and make a Third in her leud Lodging.
Mar. But my beſt Friend! noble *Baſſanes*! let not
A raſh impatience move you to ſay,
Or to act any thing unworthy you.
Baſſa. You need not fear me. *Exit.*
Mar. This is an Accident ſo ſtrange, I cannot
Conſider it without aſtoniſhment.
If theſe the Fruits of Marriage be: high Heaven
Be prais'd that I have liv'd a Batcheler.
Boaſt not hence forth you women, of your wealths
Or Beauties: For if you make no better Proof,
You bring an Hell, in Dowry to your Husbands.

Baſſanes *unlocks the door above and enters there.*

Clorina. My Husband's come. Oh you have ruin'd me,

Work'd

Work'd such a Mischief that the gods will blush
at it.

Bassa. Thou beast! unworthy of the name of
man,
Much more unworthy of the name of Friend!
Thy Crime so great is, that I need not lose
A Minute in hearing Lies for thy Excuse.
Kills him.
Dye; and go rinsh in vain thy so polluted
Soul, in the flaming streams of *Phlegeton.*

Pyron. Let my last words (for they are perfect
trueth)
Find Credit with you. Your *Clorina's* chast
I here surpris'd her when she was asleepe.

Bassa. He's sunk to Hell. Now my lewd Huswife
come:
I'le find another Room for your disports,
Thy unclean Body shall no more infect
My Nuptiall Bed.

Clorina. Protect, Oh Gratious gods! my In-
nocence.

Bassanes. Walk in *Marullus.* I have suffer'd
wrong:
And this Adultress Justice shall, ere long.
Exeunt Omnes.

Actus

Actus Quarti, Scena Prima.

Enter Dacus, *and* Spinella.

Dacus. I tell thee (ſweet *Spinella*) I adore thee,
Have for thee a more generous affection,
Than the greateſt Lord in all this Province hath.
Spin. You mean *Baſſanes*. But, my doughty Captain!
He doth expreſs his love in Golden Termes;
Which I more value then a Souldier's Oathes.
Dacus. He loves you for himſelf, and not for you
Mine is a virtuous Flame.
Spin. Your Dotage is,
For-getfull grown of what is paſt.
Dacus. I fain
Would marry you
Spin. *Dacus*! I am too young
Dacus. Why jeſts my pritty wanton ſo?
Spin. Old women that love melancholy Lifes,
Are the fitſt Creatures to make ſlaviſh wifes.
Dacus. Have you ſo ſmall Eſteem for holy Marriage?
And can you think it ſuch a Bondage?
Spin. Yes,

Are

Are not ſuch yoak'd together? And often-
times?
Draw they not Contrary waies; like Dogs in
Couples?
The tugging at an Oare in any Gally
Is as much Liberty as your Matrimony.
Dac. Fie pritty Atheiſt. Such profaneſs quit
And take an Husband, take thy Captain *Da-
cus*:
A man whoſe ſword ſhall reap the *Parthian*
Fields,
And bring thee in (by frequent victories)
A large Revenew, equall to thy wiſhes.
Spinel. My glorious talking Captain, I ſhall
not
Be won with empty words.
Dacus Have you no care
Of future Bliſs, or Baſe Da[illegible]
Spinel. *Plato*, and *Virgil* he hath read, I ſmell
him,
And Courts me with their trim Philoſophy.
Dacus As you reſolve to live, you do not Mean
To ſerve the Gods.
Spinel. There you come ſomthing near me
But *Venus* is a goddeſs, and I ſhall
Serve her. But *Dacus!* To be plain with you,
I love a Gaudy Charriot, and fine Horſes,
Servants of all ſorts, in rich Liveries,
Delicious Meats, and Wines, coſtly Apparell,
And Jewels of the higheſt value. I muſt

Out

Out-glitter all the Femals of the Province,
Or I ſhall want my will.
Dacus. And all this Bravery
Baſſanes wealth ſhall furniſh you withall
You hope, as I ſuppoſe. But (dear *Spinella*)
Think of his Marriage. He hath now a wife
Of great Deſcent, who brought a Fortune to him
So vaſt, I want Arethmetick to name it:
And ſhe may look to be maintain'd at th' height
Of all his Means; Aud then your hopes will proove
Fleeting as ſhadows, vaniſh in the Aire.
Spinel. 'Twit me not with his wedlock: For our Crime
Will now be greater, And he ſhall be brought
To buy his Pleaſure at an higher value.

Enter Hannibal, Cacala, *and* Floretta.

The *Roman* Captain his Miſtris, and his ſervant.

Dacus. How fares it with my mighty man of War,
Let us ſhake our victorious Hands in Peace,
And pray to Mars to ſet the world in uprore.
Hannibal. That Timerous Princes may grow Bountifull;

Court

Court us to take Employment on us, while
Their Luxuries they may ſecurely follow.
Dacus. Brave Captain *Hannibal*, ſuch Iron-Times
Would be a Golden Age to us; ſhall we
Together walk and drink an health or two,
To all the Sons of Battail?
Hannibal. I am for you.
Spinel. Then I'le retire and keep my Mother Company. *Exeunt Han. Dac. Spin.*
Caca. Gentle *Floretta* ſtay. Let me not looſe
This opportunity to wooe thy love.
Floretta. Where learn't your folly thoſe fine words?
Caca. Your eyes have taught me to expreſs my heart:
They have infus'd a Spirit of ſpeech into me.
Flor. You have been certainly with ſome Pedagogue,
And hired him to pen this Courtſhip for you.
Caca. I love thee better then I love my Captain.
Flor. And I your Captain much above you affect.
Caca. What delicate eyes you have! I'le kiſs them out,
And weare them in my ears.
Flor. You ſhall be hang'd firſt,
I'de rather ſcratch thy heart out with my nayles.

And

And ſtuffe a Cuſhion with't.
Caca. To ſit, and fart upon't, and keep it warm.
Thou art a pretious Rogue, and I had rather
Have thee to be my wife, then any Damſell.
That lives in the *Suburra*. Give me a wench
In all the Gameſome frailty of her youth;
Eſpecially, wood ſhe turn honeſt afterwards.
Flor. Thou talk'ſt at ſuch a Randam *Cacala*,
That th' art a Paſtime to me. But why rather
Would'ſt thou elect, a Beauty broken up
Then one that's ſound?
Caca. To tell you the plain Truth,
An honeſt woman is a Bugbear to me:
I never took Delight in their Acquaintance.
Flor. Run after your Maſter tell him, I would ſpeak with him.
Caca. I'le pimpe no more: But will henceforth grow honeſt.
Flor. I doubt me (*Cacala!*) thou haſt of late
Been troubled with ſome terrible Dreams. Haſt ſeen
Pluto, and his dark Region in thy ſleep?
What elſe ſhould make thee talke of Virtue?
Caca. The goodwill (*Floretta*) that I bear to you
Engages me to this diſcourſe. I pray thee
Take me unto thy Husband; And we then
Will run away together, leave Captain *Hannibal*.

To his new Fortune; And resolve both of us
To lead our lives Honestly for the future.
Flor. Out thou villain! Turn Traytor to a Master
So liberall to thee as my Captain is?
But that I know he would frown thee to death,
I would acquaint him with this Parley. Amend
Or neither he, nor I, will be thy Friend.

Exit Flor.

Caca. I know not what to make of this wench; and yet I would fain
Make her my wife: But I think I am a Fool for my Labour.
Shee'l hold her Peace I hope, That's all my Care
And then to get her, I will not despaire.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Bassanes, Marullus, *and* Clorina *with servants.*

Bassanes. So place her in that Chaire, and to the sides
Tye fast her Arms, keep her hands open thus!

Here the servants tye her fast, and fasten Pyrontus *heart in her hands.*

Thus!

Thus! That she may not close them, or remove them:
And put her Paramour's Heart into them.
Now Foul Adultress! Thou may'st co plate
Of the Affection it did bear thee once.
Reflect upon the Mountain of thy Sins,
Which hath over-whelm'd the false *Pyr* Look
Thou most libidinous woman, what a Ru
Thy Lust hath brought upon him, an self.
Clori. I have at large (calling the gods t ness
That what I told swearv'd not a jot from t
Related to you all the Particulars
Of his unruly love; that he surpriz'd me
Come in at my window whil'st I was a sle
With what an horrour I was stricken at i
When I perceiv'd t'was he; how I rail'd a
Cal'd him by the worst names that I think on
Bad him be gon for ever from my sight,
That I look'd on him as a Basilisk;
The Ruine of his honour, and mine own,
That I would tell you of him my *Bassanes*
Inform you what a Divel's Company
You kept I'th likeness of a Friend. Just
Protect my Innocency, and by some mea
Divine, inspire these Truths into his hea

Baſſa. That wife who dares pollute the Nuptiall Bed,
Is prodigall enough of Vows and Tears,
To win belief from credulous Perſons; ſhe
Hath done no wrong, when ſhe hath done all the wrong.
Clori. Thrice happy are thoſe ſouls that from the Cares,
And ſlanders of this wicked Age are free,
Walk up and down *Elizium* in their thin
And airy ſubſtances. And have them ſo
Tranſparent that their thoughts may all be ſeen.
Wood mine were ſuch. Oh that the Deities
Would lend their eyes a while to you, that you
Might ſearch (*Baſſanes*) every Cranny of,
My heart. I do not know a thought I have,
I would conceal from you.
Baſſa. Thou haſt a Soul,
So ulcerous, *Clorina*, that the Prayers,
And vows of all the world can never cleanſe it.
Clor. Oh! the hard heart of unbelieving Man!
Happy you Virgins that do ſtop your ears
Againſt the Charms of their bewitching tongues
And evermore continue in your Chaſtity.
I would to Heaven I never had beheld
Hymen to light his Pine. Have I beſtow'd
My ſelf on you to find ſuch miſeries,
Under your Roof? I wiſh my Parents had

As

As ſoon as I was born expos'd me to
The open Fields, unto the Cruelty
Of the moſt ſalvage Beaſts; or in a ſmall
Unguided Boat, left me unto the fury
Of an enraged Sea. Would any Miſchief
Had fallen upon me, but this fatall Marriage.
Baſſa. Hearken *Marullus*! are you not amaz'd
To hear her ſpeak againſt our Nuptials thus?
It is apparent that ſhe doth repent her
Of taking me, And wiſh'd ſhe had *Pyrontus*.
Mar. I pray you hear her out.
Clorin. How you miſtake
My meaning, my belov'd, and cruell Husband!
I would it had been pleaſing to the gods,
I never had been made a wife to any.
How Fortunate a choice might you elſe where
Have found; theſe dire Miſchances miſt; and I
(With my ill Fate) have no man elſe infected.
Mar. My heart is bigg with ſorrow at her words,
And vents it ſelf in this ſad dew.
Baſſa. What are theſe Tears for, you do drie away?
Mar. I cannot chooſe but Melt.
Baſſa. You are too Tender.
Come: we will leave her to contemplate here
The horrid wickedneſſes, ſhe hath acted.
If that all ſenſe of honour hath not left thee.
Clorina, dye: It will be endleſs ſhame

For thee to live, after thou thus hast brought
Perpetuall Ignominy on my poor Family.
Mar. I pitty her *Bassanes*, much commiserate
Her so dysastrous Fate: She may be Innocent:
I pray you think her so; I hope she is.
Bæssa. Her Reputation's gon, for ever lost:
A Sea of Tears cannot wash off her Guilt,
'Tis so infectious, I am tainted with it.
False woman, dye: Lost honour never more
(By any Means) admits of any Cure.
Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Ovid, Solus.

Sure I was born when all the glorious Starrs
Were met in Councell to contrive a Mischief.
Under pretence of my Loose unfull studies,
For the composing of my Art of Love.
In my declining years (when I expected
Ease, and a quiet Life) I was exil'd
From *Rome*, and here confin'd to end my daies
Among a people rude, and almost barbarous,
Except a few of th' Gentry and Nobility,
In a Cold Country (where fierce *Jether* payes
(Through divers channels) a Continuall Tribute

Of

Of his vaſt ſtreams into the Euxine Sea,
A many have imagin'd *Julia*
Daughter of great *Auguſtus* was too gracious
And liberall of her Amorous Favours to me;
Which caus'd him to inflict this Puniſhment.
But ere that Emperour left the world, he was
Inform'd (for that Particular) of my Innocency:
And was acquainted that, if I were faulty,
It was an Error in me, not a Crime;
For if I ere enjoy'd her, it was through
Her craft; I taking her to be another.
But he was too ſevere; That excellent Princeſs
He ſhew'd as little Mercy to, as me.
Now about Twenty years; in the ſmall Iſland
Of *Trimerus* (near the *Apulian* Shores)
Confin'd by him ſh' hath led a tedious Life.
I muſt confeſs ſhe had a Generous kindneſs
For me, and took delight to read my Poems.
But by her Letters, and Authentick witneſs
Clear'd me ſufficiently from that Reproach:
And won thereby ſo much upon her Father,
That I had been repeal'd if he had liv'd.
Since his Deceaſe by divers Meſſengers
(Perſons of Noble Rank and Quality)
And by her eloquent Epiſtles ſhe hath
(For my Return to *Rome*) importun'd much
The great *Tiberius*, her too Cruell Husband.
But he that to a wife (who brought him all

The Universe in Portion) shews no mercy,
Will not redress my wrongs. Here I must mourn
Out all my Life; and find my Funerall Urn.
Exit:

Scena Quarta.

Enter Hannibal, *and* Cacala.

Han. This Captain *Dacus* is a joviall Blade,
Doubtless a very valiant Gentleman,
And of an heart as liberall as the Aire.
Cacala! How lik'st thou him?
Caca. But so, so: yet
I was well pleas'd to see him pay the Reckning.
You are far from home, and Mistriss *Floretta* is
As chargeable as a stable of running Horses.
Han. It is grown something late; And Time to think
Of our Return unto our Lodgings. Look!
What's that?
Espies a man hanging on a Gibbet.
Caca. Sir, I see nothing.
Han. Cast thy eyes
That way. How now! what is't hangs there?
Caca. Alas!

'Tis

'Tis a poor Fellow that was executed
Two, or three daies ago.
Han. He had ill fortune.
Had he not better have follow'd *Mars*, and falne
In glorious Battail, and his ſoul exſpir'd
Through many wounds; then Ignominiouſly,
Thus ſneak to death in Nooſe of paltry halter?
Caca. My Captain *Hannibal* talkes evermore
Of mighty Battails, or his litle whore.
Han. What mutter you, Sirrah?
Caca. I (by your valour's Leave) was ſaying Captain,
Y'on man hangs in a pitifull cold corner.
The North wind ſhakes his Legs as he were dancing.
Of Wine, and Women, and of all good Meats,
He hath forever took his Leave.
Han. I'm ſorry for's hard Fate. Some lying People
Report ſome of the dead have walk'd. If thou
Can'ſt ſuch a piece of fine Activity ſhow,
Come ſup with me to night. Thou ſhalt be welcome. *Speaks to the Hungd-man.*
Caca. He bows his head.
Han. Hang 'his head.
Caca. He needs not put himſelf to ſuch unneceſſary trouble:
He that ſmall favour hath receiv'd already,
From ſome of's ſmaller Friends.

Han.

Han. If th' art a good dead Fellow, Come (I ſay)
And ſup with me to night.
Spectre. I'le come.
Caca. I think I heard him anſwer; he would come.
Han, Thou art ſo timerous; The Eccho of
My voice deludes thee.
Han. Follow me thou fearfull Puppy.
Caca. A dog,
His Captain-ſhip makes of me; Sir, I ſhall
Even tread upon your Heels: I dare not ſtay
Behind an Inch.
Han. Come then, for I fear nothing.
Caca. By your Leave.
I dread the Gallows mightily: And a Thief
That can talk after he's dead is a terrible Bugbear. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Armelina, Baſſanes, *and* Marullus.

Arme. I'me come to wait upon you Brother, and
To ſee how my dear Siſter; your *Clorina*
Enjoyes her health. I found among your ſervants,

A

A generall ſorrow as I pas'd along.
And you (me thinks) reflect diſtracted looks.
What is the reaſon of this Alteration
Throughout your Family?
Baſſa. I am ſomthing troubled,
And now not in condition for diſcourſe.
Arme. What is the matter, good *Marullus*! Though
I may ſuppoſe ſome buſineſs, that hath fallen
Athwart his Expectation, hath diſtemper'd
His thoughts at preſent; yet I gueſs he is not
Sick. Therefore my afflicted mind miſgives me,
That my poor Siſter is not well: Reſolve me,
Alas! I ſee ſome Malady hath taken her:
And he like a Good Husband ſuffers with her,
Grieves for her want of health: Is it not ſo?
Baſſa. Sweet *Armelina*! At this preſent leave me:
I at another time ſhould fitter be,
To give you th' Entertainment you deſerve;
According to the utmoſt of my power.
Arme. The gods be with you: My poor Company
Shall be no longer to you troubleſome.
I hope to find my Siſter in her Chamber;
And will go ſit with her.
Baſſa. She is not there.
Arme. Where is ſhe then? For I reſolve to ſee her.

Baſſa.

Bassa. She's not in case to give you Entertainment,
Or to receive a visit.
Arme. Alas! You strike me
Almost as dead, as I suspect she is.
For Heavens sake teach me where to find her.
Bassa. She is alive,
I pray you let that satisfy, and leave us.
Arme. Not for the World. I will not leave the house
Till I have seen, and spoken with *Clorina.*
Bassa. My dear *Marullus!* Since this Lady is
So very importunate, She'l not be diverted,
Guide her I pray you to her Sister.
Mar. I must obey you; And fair *Armelina*
Shall wait upon you. *Exeunt Mar. and Arme.*
Arme. Lead, and I follow you.
Bassa. Now she will Curse me, and traduce my name,
Though (the Gods know) her Sister's in the blame.
He that refrains for fear of womens Tongs
To right himself, basely submits to wrongs.
Exit.

Scena

Scena Sexta.

After a ſmall ſupper ſet forth,
Enter Hannibal, *and*
Cacala.

Han. What! Is this all w' are like to have?
Caca. So pleaſe your Souldier-ſhip, renowned Captain,
This is even all; And it may ſerve the turn.
Although I have an Appetite as ſharp
As your victorious Sword, great Captain *Hannibal.*
Han. Where is *Floretta* (*Cacala?*) Go call her,
She will rail at this meat, and call me covetous.
Caca. I needs muſt ſay, her ſtomack never fail'd her;
Though ſhe's but litle, ſhe's a tall woman at a Trencher.
Han. Run, and call her,
Tell her the meat, will be cold; And then 'tis ſpoyld.
Caca. I may ſave that Labour. Miſtris *Spinella* hath invited her to ſupper.
They and *Cypaſſis* eat to night together.
Han. Will Captain *Dacus* be there.

Caca

Caca. I think not Sir.
I never knew *Cypassis* but an hungry:
She's not so bountifull, as to invite
Others to eat her meat up.
Han. How comes it then *Floretta* is their gueſt?
Sit down, and be not troubleſome: You know
I'de have it ſo.
Caca. I thank your valour. I have ſome ſmall ſuſpition
Baſſanes hath a Likeing took to your
Dear *Damigella*, and *Cypaſſis* muſt
Court her, and tempt her to his various Luſt.
Han. May be ſo *Cacala*! Let him take his Chance:
If he ſo lead, i'le follow him the Dance;
Then I will woe *Spinella*; And he ſhall
Father the ſpurious Iſſue i'le get on her.
Hark! Some body knocks: Riſe, and inform me who
Is at the door ——How now, What art thou deafe,
And hear'ſt me knock; or dumb becauſe thou ſpeak'ſt not?
An Apoplexy ſure hath ceaz'd upon thee.
Sit down again, and drink a Glaſs of Wine
It will recover thee. Well don, now eat thy meat.
Again there knocks ſome body at the door.
Riſe once more Sirrah, and conduct them in.

Be

Be gon, or I ſhall kick you to your duty.

He opens the door, turns back and fals down, as in a Swound.

This Idle Raſcall ſure the falling Sickneſs
Hath got of late. I muſt be at the charge,
I fear to ſend for a Phyſitian to him.
I wonder who it is: For ſome body knocks
Again. It needs muſt be a ſtranger, elſe
He ſuch long Complement would not have ſhew'd.
Still he knocks on. I will go bring him in.

Enter Spectre.

Your name Sir, and your pleaſure
Spectre. My name, *Helvidius* is.
Han. You are a ſtranger
Unknown to me; I pray, what is your buſineſs.
Spectre. I come to ſup with you,
Han. Though clad ſo meanly,
You ſhall be welcom.
Spectre. I am not ſo rude,
To preſs upon you, uninvited Captain.
Han. Who ſhould invite you?
Spec. Sir! Your ſelf.
Han. 'Tis ſtrange.
I ſhould forget it then.
Spec. I come unlook'd for Noble *Hannibal*,
But you did bid me to ſupper to night.

Han.

Han. My Memory hath fail'd me. Where *Helvidius*?
Spec. At the Gibbet, by the City walls;
Where I did hang in Chains.
Han. This is a Curteſy deſerves a welcome,
You are moſt welcom Sir, and ſo believe it.
Spec. You are my generous Patron, and I thank you.
Han. Sit down, I pray ſit down. So: 'tis well done,
Cacala! Where's *Cacala*. Give me a Glaſs of Wine,
What on the flore ſtill! riſe man.
Cacala. I dare not ſtir nor breathe, Sir.
Han. He will not hurt you.
Spec. I ſhall not be ſo rude, where I find welcome
To do a Miſchief.
Han. Fill Wine. Sir much good do you; And here's to you,
To you fair Miſtriſſes health; whether alive,
Or your Companion it'h *Elizian* Groves.
Spec. You much endear me.
Han. Could I have thought you would have ſupp'd with me,
You ſhould have been much better treated.
Sit down and eat, Thou ſilly *Cacala*!
Caca. I am very timerous.
His Promiſe and my Valour do protect *Han.*
thee. *Caca.*

Caca. This Napkin thus dispos'd under my Hat,
Shall keep my eyes off him. I'le eat like a Lion;
Becauſe I ſit in fear, and after will
Chew the Cud as ſome Beaſts do, to disjeſt it.
Spec. Good Fellow, I ſalute thee with this Boule:
To thy brave *Hannibals* Miſtriſſes health.
Caca. I have no mind to drink yet. My Maſter
Is the better Pledger of ſuch Fancies.
Han. You ſhall not refuſe him. Off with it *Cacala*:
Il'e conclude it.
Spec. It has gon round.
Captain, your kindneſs hath ſo far oblieg'd me,
That I preſume to crave a favour of you.
Han. You ſhall command.
Spec. I pray you dine with me to morrow.
Han. You jeſt,
Spec. I am in earneſt: You ſhall be moſt welcome.
Han. Where?
Spec. At the Gibbit.
Han. I'le come.
Caca. Now my bellie's full, I cannot forbear,
To caſt a Sheep's eye at him.

Oh! oh. *Cries out aloud, falls backward, and (with his Legs under the Table) overthrows it, and all the meat.*

Spect. I thank you, generous Captain; And good night.

Han. Farewell Sir; And expect me as I promis'd.

Riſe thou unmannerly Beaſt, and let's to bed.

Caca. Good Maſter, And thrice-valiant Captain *Hannibal*,

See me in bed firſt, and aſleep, I beſeech you,

And let me have Miſtriſs *Floretta*; For I dare not lye alone.

Han. Follow me and undreſs me.

Caca. Sir I beſeech you have a litle Patience:

Say that I ſhall not lye alone to night,

And you will Comfort me. I otherwiſe

Shall be ſo weak with fear, I ſhall not be

Able to pluck your ſtockins off.

Han. Get whom

Thou wilt to be thy bedfellow, but *Floretta*:

For, her I cannot ſpare.

Caca. Then I entreat you,

Let me lye in the ſame bed with you both.

Han. You muſt ſome other Lodging find.

Caca. I'ſt ſo?

Then I muſt old *Cypaſſis* try: Perhaps

A Bottle of ſtrong water will prevail

So far with her,

That ſhe may give me leave,

To

To lye with her.
And yet I had much rather
Lye with my old Grand-mother, or Grand-father.
Han. 'Tis ſaid ſhe was a Beauty in her Youth.
Caca. Sure no man can report it that hath ſeen it:
For I believe her birth was in the daies
Of *Lucius Brutus*; who was *Rome's* firſt Conſul.
Exeunt.

Scena Septima.

Enter Marullus, *and* Armelina, *to* Clorina *faſtned in a Chair, with the heart of* Pyrontus *in her hand.*

Arme. Y'ave made me ſuch a terrible Relation
Of his ſtrange Jealouſy, and his foul Murther,
And's barbarous uſage of your deer ſweet ſelf;
That (my *Clorina*) I'm deficient
Of Language to expreſs my Admiration.
But (my dull eyes) can you ſo long refrain
From diſſolution into ſhowers of Tears?
My heart is ſure of Stone, or It would break
At theſe Effects of's impious Proceedings.
Clor. Have patience, my beſt ſiſter. 'Tis enough

For me to be ſo miſerable: I would not
My ſuffrings ſhould beget a Grief in you.'
Arme. Then I more ſtupid were then Salvages,
Then any beaſt in any Wilderneſs,
Or any Fury in black Hell it ſelf.
Clor. Oh! *Armelina* how am I beholding
Unto you, for your pitty of my wrongs!
And yet I needs muſt grieve to ſee you thus
Afflict your ſelf at the ſad ſenſe of them.
But I beſeech you to aſſume a Courage,
Worthy our Noble Family to orecome it.
I ſhall but a few Minutes longer trouble you
With my unfortunate Company. I find
My heart too weak to make Reſiſtance longer
Againſt th' impetuous ſtorm of my vaſt Injuries:
I find Death ſtealing ſenſibly upon me.
Arme. The Heavens forbid.
Clor. Prayers come too late now to divert my Fate.
I pray you therefore, good *Marullus*, haſte
To my dear Husband, and your Faithfull Friend.
Tell him, I beg but ſo much favour from him,
As I may breathe my ſoul out in his preſence,
And ſee him once again; and I ſhall dye
Contentedly, and pardon him my wrongs.
Mar. Madam! I do beſeech you to have patience,
I will go for him; And have hope he will

Be

Be very ſhortly reconcil'd unto you:
For from my ſoul I pitty your Misfortunes.
Exit Marullus.
Clor. Shed no more tears. You have, my *Armelina*,
Spent too much of that precious dew already
On poor unworthy me.
Arme. You are *Clorina*! my Elder, and
My only Siſter: And can I perceive
Your Innocency perſecuted thus,
And ſeem an unconcern'd ſpectator of it?
It is impoſſible. Give me leave therefore,
T' expreſs all ſorrow I am capable of
As tribute of my cordiall Affection
To your ſo lovely, ſweet, and injur'd Perſon.

Enter Baſſanes, *and* Marullus.

Clor. Welcom my too unkind, though my dear Husband.
To your *Clorina*, welcom my *Baſſanes*.
My eyes grow dim, and I my heart ſtrings feel
To crack. Your harſh ſuſpition of my Loyalty.
And ſo ſevere an uſage of me, have
Cut off my life in prime of all my Youth.
Here, with my parting breath (in preſence of
The gods, within the Hearing of your friend
Marullus,

And of my Siſter) I declare I dye
Free from all guilt, and never injur'd you.
And ſo Farewell for ever. Gods! I come;
Afford my Innocency in Heaven a Room.
She dyes.

Mar. She hath took leave of life.
Arme. I did not think,
Her death had been ſo neer.
Farewell forever all Content and Pleaſure
Since ſhe is gon. No thought of Joy ſhall ever,
Poſſeſs my heart hereafter. She that was
My only happineſs is vaniſh'd from me.
Look Monſter of Mankind! This is a ſight
Only befits the eyes of ſuch a Villain.
Here thou haſt murther'd the moſt virtuous wife
That ever *Hymen* knew; And one that was
In her Affection over-fond of thee.
Baſſa. Your paſſion makes you ſpeak, you know not what.
Your Siſter injur'd me in ſuch high nature
That ſhe hath juſtly brought upon her ſelf,
The end that's come upon her.
Arme. Th' *Anthropophagians* that devour mans fleſh,
By thee may be inſtructed in worſe Cruelties.
What Helliſh wretch, but thy more Helliſh ſelf
Would thus have us'd a Lady of her Beauty?

To

To faſten with ſtrong wire's (in a Caſe of Male)
A mans heart in his wife's own hand, and lock her
With Chains into a Chair, faſt; is a Miſchief
None but *Baſſanes* durſt have done. What Tyrant
In Hiſtory did ever act ſo ill?
Perillus was an Innocent to thee.
The vengeance of high *Jove* hangs o're thy head;
To ſtrike thee with his forked-Thunder dead.
Baſſa. No Husband but a Wittall, would have ſuffer'd
The Proſtitution of his Wife.
Arme. You ſlander her, baſely belye her virtues.
She to us all hath clear'd her ſelf. *Marullus*
And I heard her relate the ſtory. It was
The ſaddeſt that did ever fall from tongue;
Which ſhe before had told thee all at large.
She doated on thee to her death, and with
Her laſt expiring breath proteſted freely
Her Innocency from thy imputed Crime.
Baſſa. I care not what you ſay: She was as foule
In her Baſe Actions, as her Face was Fair.
Arme. Thou doſt traduce inhumainly her virtue:
And I believe forbad'ſt ſhe ſhould have Meat.

Baſſa. I did not think of it; And therefore gave
Forth no ſuch Order.
Arme. If the leaſt Humanity
Remains yet in thee, let her be releas'd
From theſe ſo barbarous bonds, this heart-remov'd
Out of her hands; It with *Pyrontus* body
Deliver'd to his Friends for Sepulcher:
And I will take care for the funerall Rites
Of ſweet *Clorina* my poor murther'd Siſter.
Baſſa. T'will eaſe me of ſome trouble, and a Charge;
Therefore I will conſent to that Demand:
And the gods keep me from a ſecond Marriage.
Arme. Thou need'ſt not fear that: thou canſt not find a woman
So loſt to Virtue, and to honor; that
Dare be a Wife to ſuch a blooddy Butcher.
Sure there's no woman in the world ſo ſenſeleſs,
And wicked as to give her ſelf to thee.
I'le tell thy ſtory unto all I meet:
And thy Reproach ſhall ring through every ſtreet.
Baſſa. Your Larum may run on; whil'ſt I'le declare
To all the world how falſe you women are.

Exeunt Omnes.

Actus

Actus Quinti, Scena Prima.

Enter Ovid, Philocles, *and* Caralinda.

Ovid. I am amaz'd much, and afflicted more,
With the ſad newes you have imparted to us.
Philo. All my Entreaties could not win him thence:
And therefore miſſing him too long from home,
And knowing upon what deſign he ſtaid,
I did enquire of *Armelina*; who
Made me the ſad Relation you have heard.
Oh brave *Pyrontus*! I lament thy Fate;
That haſt in love prov'd ſo unfortunate.
Cara. It is ſo ſad a ſtory you have made us,
That it draws teares from my eyes. Though I was
A ſtranger to their Perſons, my weak ſex
Allows me liberty to weep. A man
Would not be tax'd of Softneſs, to relent
At ſo deplorable an Hiſtory,
Philo: Madam! I am ſo far from blaming you,
For gracing with your tears their Cruell Fates,
That my heart chides mine own eyes for not melting.
Hell never plotted a worſe Tragedy.
Nor ever did ſo great a Lover find,

So

So merciless a death as Lord *Pyrontus*:
Neither did ever Virtue and Beauty meet
So hideous a Treatment as *Clorina*.
Ovid. Have you their Bodies seen, since they were dead?
Oh *Philocles*! If you those woefull objects
Have look'd upon, you have beheld a sight
More sad than ever *Tomos* was accus'd for.
Philo. Alas! I brought the Heart, and mangled Body
Of my dear Friend *Pyrontus*, to his house.
And did attend the Corse of fair *Clorina*,
To *Armelina's* Pallas: where alas!
No April shower ever fell so sweetly,
As she doth weepover her Sister.
Cara. A word with you dear Cozen *Ovid*! My eyes
Are bigg with tears, and my poor heart is loaden
With Grief. A thousand showers cannot drain them.
And Time wants years enough to wear away
The Sense, and Memory of this woefull day.
Ovid. I must beseech you to have patience.
Cara. I have too much, dear *Ovid*! Much too much:
But I will all the Fortitude collect
That my poor heart is capable of, and shall
Suppress all signs exterior of a Grief.

You

You know the Fortune which *Trasullus* told me.
I find, it now points at me; And will therefore
Go walk abroad. You are acquainted well
With *Philocles*. I'le leave you with him.
Ovid. I will attend upon you.
Cara. By no means
You are old and sickly; And I will not be
So troublesome.
Ovid. You shall not go alone.
Good *Philocles*, My Cosin *Caralinda*
Is something undispos'd, and hath a mind
To take the Air abroad; You will obliege me
To bear her Company. She is a stranger
Which is the cause I crave the trouble from you
Philo. The Noble *Ovid* may command me any thing.
But you conferre much Grace on me, to give
Me leave to wait upon a Gallant Lady,
Of so surpassing Excellencies.
Cara. You complement (Sir) with me
Ovid. Hereafter you may like better of her Company,
When you are more acquainted with her.
Beware I pray you what you do; Take heed
Speaks to Caralinda aside.
You give not too much Credit to Predictions.

Take

Take heed your vengeance be not raſh; Be-
ware
You bring not ruine on your Flouriſhing Youth.
Cara. I will not play the *Amazon*, believe it
And ſo (beſt Poet) for a while Farewell.
Philo. Your ſervant, generous *Ovid!*
Ovid. Sir, I'm yours, *Exeunt Caralinda, and Philocles.*
O Love, and Jealouſy! What mighty power
You, mighty paſſions, have ore humany hearts?
How you too often joyn within one breaſt,
And joyes that would aſpire keep low ſup-
preſt!
To be enamour'd on a beautifull object;
As naturall to us is, as t' eat, and drink:
But to ſuſpect whom we affect's, a Crime
Declares a guiltineſs within one's ſelf;
A want of Merit. Then a wiſe man ſhould
Make himſelf worthy of his Miſtriſs Love,
Or never proſecute his amorous ſuit.
A diſcreet Lover in a beautious Out-ſide
Expects a mind adorn'd with all the virtues;
And holds it an Impiety to think,
So rich a ſoul can ever ſtoope to vice.
Therefore the Lover that is rightly bred,
Admits no Jealous thoughts into his head.
I wiſh *Baſſanes* had prov'd ſuch, then he
Might have enjoy'd an happy Life on earth:
Too paſſionate *Pyrontus* then had liv'd,
And (in ſome time) might have overcome
himſelf: The

The admirable and innocent *Clorina*
Had been alive; This Tragedy had never
Been acted here, which will be famous ever.
Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Baſſanes, *and* Marullus.

Mar. If you would give me leave (as your known Friend)
Whom you have long grac'd with your Amity)
To tell you freely my Opinion,
And no offence, take it. I ſhould tell you
(My Lord *Baſſanes*) I conceive you have
Been much too raſh in your proceedings.
Baſſa. How?
If ſuch a thought you harbour of my Actions,
I needs muſt tell *Marullus*, that he thinks me
Guilty of my Wife's blood: Do not imagine
Your Friend aſpers'd with ſuch a Crime. She was
A Gallant Pallace (to do her beauty right)
Where all the Devils of Luſt inhabited.
Mar. I cannot tell, but if one might give Credit
To her ſo often ſerious Proteſtations,
And to her vowes utter'd with her laſt breath,
She

She was an Innocent.
Bassa. They that dare play
So foul a Game value not what they say.

Enter Caralinda, *and* Philocles.

What Lady's that?
Mar. I never saw her before.
Bassa. She is a miracle of such Handsomness;
She can no other be but *Venus* self.
Philo. Yonder's the Murtherer of my Lord *Pyrontus*,
And the base user of the best of Women.
My Blood is all on fire at this Encounter,
My Hilt seems Loadstone, and my hand of Iron;
I cannot keep it longer from my Sword.
(A suddain vengeance he deserves), which shall
Fall on him. At this present I'le revenge
The Slaughter of my Friend, and the sad death,
Of his so barbarously abus'd *Clorina*.
Cara. Dear *Philocles* forbear. I do conjure you,
By all the Love you bore unto *Pyrontus*:
Suppress your Anger for a While; yet know
I wish him but a short Reprieve, and hate him
As much as you. He at a fitter Time
May find his Destiny. Let it not be said
He dy'd in'h presence of a tender mind.
Philo. I must obey you, Madam!

Bassa.

Baſſa. She is an object ſo extreamly raviſhing,
I muſt ſpeak to her.
Mar. I had thought you had
Done with that Sex for ever.
Baſſa. I reſolv'd ſo,
But Beauty ſuch a Potent Charm is known;
Strongſt Reſolutions It hath overthrown.
Haile Female goddeſs, or if (of woman kind)
Haile! rich Epitome of all the Beauty,
That ever yet in ſeverall women Nature
Reveal'd to human eyes!
Cara. Good *Philocles*!
Draw back a little. I would find to what
His fine words aime; And he will be more ſparing,
(If y' are too near us) to expreſs hin ſelf.
Philo. I will retire a litle. But beware
His flatteries win not on your heart.
Cara. I warrant you.
Baſſa. My Friend *Marullus*, I beſeech you walk
Aſide.
Mar. I ſhall, my Lord, obey you.
Good day to *Philocles*! Pray ſhun me not:
For I am much afflicted at the Tragedies
Baſſanes Rage, and Jealouſy have acted;
I had no hand in them, and could *I* have
Prevented them, they had not been perform'd.
Cara. You both provoke my wonder, and my bluſhes,

Become

Become enamour'd on a ſtranger! One
You never ſaw before!
Philo. *Marullus* he hath done ſuch horrid Acts,
The gods can never puniſh him enough.
Baſsa. It doth become your Beauty, to work
ſuch wonders.
Madam! I am one of the chiefeſt Perſons
Of all this Province, and have an heart to love
you,
Above the expreſſions of a Thouſand Tongues.
Cara. Your name (Sir) *I* beſeech you.
Baſsa. 'Tis *Baſsanes.*
Cara. What he that (through his Jealouſy,
and fury)
Murther'd *Pyrontus*, and his innocent Wife?
Baſſa. You have been miſinform'd. He did de-
ſerve
The Fate he found: And her ſhame broke her
heart,
I am the ſame *Baſſanes* but not guilty
Of any Crime. They in their deaths found
Juſtice.
Cara. Iv'e heard too much of them already.
But how
Can you ſo freſh a widdower ſo ſoon,
Give Entertainment to a ſecond Flame?
Baſſa. Your Beauty that can work ſuch Mira-
cles
Is a ſufficient reaſon.'
Cara. I may prove

The

The like ſad deſtiny *Clorina* did,
Should I become your wife.
Baſſa. It is impoſſible
You are an Heaven where all the virtues meet;
And therefore cannot be inconſtant to
Your Wedlock-vowes.
Cara. I merit not (*Baſſanes*)
This favour at your hands. If I e're wed,
It ſhal be unto one of my own Country.
Baſſa. Within a Body form'd to all Perfection.
That ever liberall Nature, and the gods
Could, can, or ever ſhall make up (fair ſtranger),
Give not an Entertainment to Contempt
Of your enſlav'd *Baſſanes*, neither in'it
Lodge thoughts diſdainfull, nor an heart of Flint.
Cara. 'Tis an Aſtoniſhment in me to hear you,
To make ſo paſſionate diſcourſe to me,
Even One whoſe name you neither know, nor Fortune:
I may be poor, and vitious.
Baſſa. Nothing but Virtue
Can in a body ſo Beautifull inhabite.
Vice dares not ſo preſumtious be, as t' enter
Under ſo fair a Roof: And y' are ſo rich
In Beauty, that I with more joy ſhould marry you,

Then t' be ſaluted Emperour of the world.
Cara. You court me now indeed. I have ſome buſineſs
Of ſuch Concern, that at this time no longer
I can ſtay with you.
Baſſa. But muſt you needs be gon?
Cara. I muſt, in trueth.
Baſſa. When ſhall I then receive
So great a bleſſing as t' enjoy a ſecond time
Your Covered Company?
Cara. Within this half hower,
I'le meet you here again.
Baſſa. Y' ave rais'd me to
A joy as great, as *Jove* himſelf can know.
Cara. Come generous *Philocles*. I will impart
Our Parley freely to you, and acquaint you
With the whole Cauſe, why I entreated you
To ſtifle your Revenge, and to retard
His death. You ſhal know al my ſecret thoughts.
Philo. Sweet *Caralinda*, you obliege me much.
I ſhall attend you any where.

Exeunt Caralinda, and Philocles.

Baſſa. Marullus!
Cupid hath pointed all his ſhafts, with the
Fair beams of this bright Lady's eies. I am
Become enamour'd on her to that height
That I muſt marry her, or I ſhall dye.

Mar.

Mar. The Heavens forbid.
Baſſa. Nay rather, friend, may all the gods vouchſafe it.
Mar. You know not what ſhe is, ſhe may be much
Unworthy of ſuch Nuptialls;
Reſiſt betimes, Phyſick too late is took
When ſickneſs (through delay) is fix'd at th' root.
Mar. Surely ſhe can
No other be, but *Ovids* kinſ-woman;
Who (we have heard) ſo lately came to *Tomos*;
I will preſume her, then, of noble Birth.
That excellent Poet is my worthy Friend:
And I may hope will eaſily be won,
T' aſſiſt me to attain her to my wife.
Me thinks he ſhould be glad to have his Coſin
Well Matched here; To be fix'd a conſtant comfort
Both to his Age, and Grief for his Exilement.
Mar. May the juſt Powers Divine, turn all to th'beſt.
Baſſ. If I obtain her to become my Wife,
An Heaven on Earth, I ſhall enjoy this Life.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Hannibal, *and* Cacala.

Cala. Sir, I intreat you (my too valiant Captain!)
To give me leave to return home. I have
No mind to ſuch a formidable Dinner.
Han. What ſhould'ſt thou fear? My keen victorious Sword
Carries ſpells ſtrong enough to conjure down
All the unruly Fiends of *Pluto's* Court.
Therefore for ſhame take Courage. Thou had'ſt wont
To have a good ſtomack to thy meat: And ſure
This Gallant Ghoſt will treat us very Nobly.
Caca. I have an horror to ſuch Company:
And had a thouſand times much rather be
With Miſtris *Floretta*, and converſe with her.
Han. Thou talk'ſt ſo often of her that I think
Thou art in love with her.
Caca. I muſt confeſs,
I have ſome ſmackering that way. But the Awe
I ſtand in of your Indignation,

Deterres

Deterres me from profeſſing my Reſpects.
I wiſh your Captainſhipp would caſt her off;
And give me leave to make her my honeſt Wife.
Han. Thou talk'ſt Impoſſibilities, Fool *Cacala*!
To think to make an whore an honeſt woman.
Such an One wood indeed prove a ſtrange wonder.
And he that ſhould to ſuch an One be wed,
Might raiſe a mighty Portion to himſelf,
By taking mony for the ſight of her.
Cacala. His tongue's no ſlander.

Aſide.

Han. Walk on: w'are almoſt there.
Caca. I'm monſtrouſly afraid.
Han. Fear nothing in my Company, but the marrying
Of an whore.
Caca. I ever dreaded ſtories of *Hobgoblins*,
But evermore abhord the ſight of them:
Beſeech you therefore Captain *Hannibal*,
Give me leave to go back.
Han. Thou ſhalt not leave me: I will make thee valiant,
And neither to fear Men, nor Divels.
Caca. Heaven Bleſs me!
Han. We ſhall have a brave dinner without doubt.

Caca. Instead of a Calfes head, and glorious Bacon
A skull half rotten of some Malefactour,
Stollen from a Neighbour-Gallows to his own:
And (in the place of a brave side of Venison)
The salt Hanch of some executed Bawd:
And in the room of *Grecian* Wines, the Moisture
That doth distill from their hang'd putrifi'd bodies.
Sir, I will take my leave.
Han. Thou shalt go with me,
And (when Employment calls me forth again)
I'le make thee my Lieftenant: w' are almost there.
Look you! He is come down from off his Gibbet.
'Tis the most courteous fellow that ere dy'd
By skurvy Haltar. Wood his Judges were
Trus'd up i'ns place, and all the villanous Jury
That did condemn so brave a Spark.

Enter Spectre.

Spectre. Welcome thou Noblest Son of *Mars!* Give me

Thy

Thy hand, thou ſervant to great *Hannibal.*
Cacala. I wiſh you would excuſe me the Complement.
Spectre You need not fear me.
Han. Cacala be couragious, and dread nothing
My friend *Helvidius* will no hurt do to thee
Should *Cerberus* bark but at thee; with my Sword
I (at one blow) would cut off all his heads.

A Table ſet forth, cover'd with a black Linnen cloth, all the Napkins of the ſame colour; the meat, and diſhes, Bottles, Wine, and all things elſe.

Spectre. You ſee your Entertainment, and are both
Moſt heartily welcome. Let us ſit, and eat.

They all ſit down and eat.

Caca. I do not like the Colour of this Linnen.
The Meat, and Wine, and every thing is black.
Spectre. 'Tis the ſole Colour us'd in *Pluto's* Court.
Caca. The meat taſts well though. Though I had rather be
At a piece of Bread and Cheeſe at Madam *Cypaſſis's.*
I cannot chooſe but eat. I think my fear

Hath added to my Hunger.
Spectre. Gallant *Hannibal*,
I dedicate this Boul to thy *Floretta.*
Han. Off with it then, thou only Worthy of
The other world. Here *Cacala*, thou ſhall pledg me.
Caca. I'le do my weak Endeavour.
Han. I thank you Sir, and in Requitall drink
To him or her you moſt affect.
Spectre. Y' are Noble.
Friend *Cacala*, heres to you, and you conclude it.
Caca. I dare not do otherwiſe.
Han. Would you excuſe my Curioſity Sir.
I would enquire Why you were executed.
Spectre. I'le ſatisfy you. The Lords, and Gentry of
This City *Tomos* gave order to a Statuary
To make the Image of the Poet *Ovid*,
In beaten Maſſy Gold, for the Honor he
Had done them, by writing an excellent Poeme;
I'th Getick Language in *Tiberius* praiſe.
When it was ready to have been preſented,
I got into the houſe, and ſtole it thence:
Melted it privately, and put it off
By litle Parcels, ſpent it on wanton wenches,
And among boon Companions. In my Cupps
Brag'd on't to two falſe Brothers, who betraid me.
Han. I would they had been born both Drunk, and Fools.

Spectre.

Spectre. I pray you give me leave to be as free
With you. Why were you baniſh'd and confin'd?
Han. A poor old woman, and a witch, a Friend
Of mine, pretended an Occaſion to make uſe
Of a live Infant, rip'd out of the Belly
Of's Mother: And th' Enchantment ſhe was hammering
Was for my ſervice. I ſtole into a Cottage
That ſtood alone, where ſuch a woman liv'd then,
Found her alone, and had ſo laid My Plot
That I might undiſturb'd proceed; cut up
Her belly, took her Infant thence, and ſow'd
A Cat up in the Place; So ſhe enjoyn'd me.
This ſimple Sorcereſs being for other
Matters accus'd, and like to dye, confes'd
This Prank.
Spectre. How chanc'd it, you eſcap'd with life?
Caca. My Captain is the greateſt villain that
I ever heard of: I will leave his ſervice:
Although I have oft been told of this before.
Han. The Favorite, all-powerfull *Sejanus*,
Did bring me off with life. I help'd him to
Floretta's maidenhead; For which good turn
I alſo had ſome Baggs cram'd with Seſterces.
Spect. You had good fortune to eſcape ſo well.

Han.

Han. Some buſineſs calls me home. I give you thanks
For this brave Entertainment; So Farewell.
Spectre. I pray you ſtay a while, you ſhall Look on
A little Maskque I have provided for you.
Han. You much obliege me, and are over liberall
Of your high Favours to me.

Enter (after very ſolemn loud Muſick)
Æacus, Rhadamanthus, *and* Minos,
the Judges of Hell; Alecto, Tyſyphone, *and* Megæra *the*
Furies; *and dance*
altogether to
lowd Muſick.

Spectre. *Æacus*, *Minos*, and *Rhadamanthus*, the three
Judges in Hell; *Tyſyphone*, *Megæra*, and *Alecto*,
The Furies there (of equall number to them)
Lead in a Dance.
Cacala. Can Divels be ſo merry!
But I had ever thought there had been rather
Three thouſand Judges there, then three; I wonder Their

Their number is ſo few: ſo of the Furies;
For oft, on earth, one woman hath more in her.

The Dance ended, this Song follows.

Moſt happy is the Libertine,
And of mankind the moſt ingenious;
Who from grave precepts doth decline,
And doth indulge his Joviall *Genius*.
Oh! the joyes, the joyes,
They have that follow Vice,
Without any fear of the gods:
Who freely waſt their Treaſures,
To purchaſe them their Pleaſures;
And are with the virtuous at odds.

II.

The Atheiſt is the greateſt fool,
Who only aimes to pleaſe his Senſes;
Thinking in heaven no gods bear rule,
And tipples, murthers, ſwears, and wenches.
Oh! the woes, the woes,
That follow all thoſe
Who weare out their lifes in vice,
That ſwear, whore, kill, and drink
And never them bethink,
Till they fall into Hell in a trice.

After

After the Song is ended they all ſeize on him, and Carry him away.

Han. Muſt I be then betraid thus! Falſe *Helvidius*! *Exeunt. with him.*
And fooliſh *Hannibal* to truſt to *Spectres*!

Spec. Away with him. Down to the Infernall ſhades
Of Grieſly *Pluto's* Kingdom let him ſink.
A fouler ſoul was never ſeen in Hell,
Wher's Witchtrafts, Rapes, Murthers, and vitious Life
Will find a ſutable endleſs puniſhment.
The Spectre vaniſheth.

Caca. This was a Terrible ſight indeed. Heaven keep me
But in my wits till I can ſee *Floretta*.
And I ſhall tell her ſuch a Tale, as will
Make her turn virtuous, if ſhe hath not loſt
All love to th' Powers Divine, and fears no vengeance. *Exit.*

Scena

Scena Quarta.

Enter Baſſanes, Solus.

Baſſa. I find my ſelf half rais'd to happineſs
Already, after my ſo late Affliction.
The ſtranger Ladie's Beauties triumph here
Within my heart; My hopes are fair enough
That I ſhall win her to become my wife:
Then all my future daies I ſhall eſteem
To be a laſting Feſtivall, and more
To be priz'd by me then are all the Faſti,
Obſerv'd the year through, in our Kalender.

Enter Phœbianus, *and* Philocles.

Phœbia. I now have made you well acquainted with
My Perſon, and my Hiſtory, and have to you
Reveal'd the reaſon why I did entreat
You to forbear *Baſſanes*, when your Rage
Would fain have flung you on him. Now you know
The cauſe why I will meet him. Give me therefore
Leave (Noble *Philocles*) to go alone.

I fear him not at all, and ſhall not have
Any need of your kind Aſſiſtance. 'Tis
The will, ſure, of the gods, that I ſhould ſingly
Encounter him. Therefore retire (my Friend,)
Neer hereabouts you may conceal your ſelf:
You within call may ſtay, I ſhall have quickly
Diſpatch'd with him, and ſhall not fail then to
Hollow you back. See there he is a Walking,
And waiting my approach.

Philo. You muſt command me,
The Gods be with you. *Philocles withdraws.*

Phœbia. Well met *Baſſanes*. *Ovids* kinſ-woman,
The ſtranger *Carelinda*, hath imploid me
To you, to make Apology for her
Not meeting you according to her promiſe;
Why do you look ſo wiſhly on me? Do you
Know me?

Baſſa. I certainly have ſeen your face
Before. Some Alteration that I find
Some years of abſene might have made. Reſolve me
I pray you Sir, Are you not *Phœbianus*?
Pyrontus younger Brother, that have ſpent
Three, or four years abroad? If y' are not he

I never ſaw two Faces ſo alike.
Phœbia. I *Phœbianus* am, and *Caralinda*
Whom you ſo lately troubled with your Court-
ſhipp.
Through the Providence of the Almighty
Gods,
I met with thee in that diſguiſe: And par-
ted
From thee but to diveſt me of thoſe Cloathes,
And bring my ſword to our next Parly. 'Tis
needleſs
To tell thee more; And I have too much
time
Trifled away in this Diſcourſe. Pray draw
Your ſword; For one of us muſt dye.
Thou trayterouſly, and unawares did'ſt mur-
ther
My brave, and hopefull Brother, Though he
lov'd
Clorina, he deſerv'd her better farr
Then thou, never attempted violence unto
her,
And (in a litle Time) might have ſub-
du'd
His too unruly paſſion. Thou haſt broke
Thy Innocent Lady's heart with uſages
More horrid then a *Scythian* ever practis'd:
Therefore unleſs you will dye baſely, draw.
Baſſa. You are a glorious Talker, fine young
man:

But

But I ſhall preſently allay your pride;
And the fond Confidence you ſeem to have
In your own valour.
Phœbia. Let us try your skill.
Baſſa: Y'ave ſought your ruine by provoking me. *They Fight.*
Phœbia. So. Have you yet enough?
Baſſa. Oh! You have ſlain me.
I have received ſo home a Thruſt, I dye.
Without another word.
Baſſanes die's

Enter Marullus.

Phœbia: *Marullus* in an equall Duell I
Have kil'd your Friend. The gods did guide my ſword,
Juſtice was on my ſide: He ſlew my Brother:
And I in *Roman* honor could do no leſs,
And to preſerve my Reputation cleare,
Among the *Getes* my Country-men, then to Fight fairly with him.
Mar. My mind miſgave me ſome dyſaſtrous Fate
Would overtake him for ſo foule a Murther.
Though I am Griev'd at his ſad death, I'am glad
You are, my Lord, return'd ſo ſafely home.
Phœbia.

Phœbia. You'l ſee his body convey'd unto his houſe.
Mar. I ſhall not fail.
Phœbia. The gods preſerve you.
Mar. Farewell, brave *Phœbianus.*
Phœbia. Friend *Philocles!* *Call's aloud.*
Philo. I'm (at your ſervice) here.
Phœbia. Stay, and Il'e come to you. *Exit.*
Mar. Draw near you that his ſervants are, and bear *Enter Servants.*
This ſad Lord to his Pallace. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Captain Dacus, Cacala, Cypaſſis, Floretta, *and* Spinella.

Cypaſ. It was a Lamentable Spectacle
We met withall as we came hither.
Dacus. An uſuall one; a dead man:
We Souldiers ſmile upon a thouſand ſuch.
Cypaſ. Baſſanes was an extraordinary Perſon.
Dacus. Cæſars, and Lords, muſt dy.
Caca. You talk of Trifles. The ſtory I related you,
Of my Maſter Captain *Hannibalis* being took away with Devils,

Deſerves to be call'd terrible indeed.
Hell broke looſe on him, Divels, and Divels-Dam's
Ceaz'd both upon him. He would faine have hung
An Arſe, but no Reſiſtance could prevail:
Away they hurried him, and left me in
So great a fear, I know not how I came home.
Flor. Thou haſt told us too much of this already,
And too often.
Caca. T'will never out of my Memory.
Flor. Nor from thy tongue I fear.
Caca. Oh fear the gods, Miſtriſs *Floretta*, fear them
Take heed, the Divels ſhow you not ſuch a Trick:
Turn virtuous pritty One, and marry me.
For I do love thee above woman kind,
Show thy ſelf therefore to me a kind woman.
Flor. Though I am ſorry my *Hannibal* is periſh'd ſo:
I cannot call him back; And muſt ſome care
Take of my ſelf. And therefore *Cacala*
I'le be thy wife. All his remaining Goods
Are ours.
Caca. And I have ſomething too to truſt to

In my own Country.
Cypaſ. Here's a Match ſoon made up.
Flor. We will return to *Rome.*
Caca. With all my heart.
Dacus. And will my fair *Spinella* prove as kind?
Spinel. Now Lord *Baſſanes* is dead, I am content
To receive Captain *Dacus* for my Husband:
Mother! I hope of your allowance to it.
Cypaſ. And you ſhall have it. The gods grant you joy.
Dacus. My Mother *Cypaſſis* now indeed!
Cypaſ. You knew her Father. He was your Countriman
And a fine Gentleman, when he in *Rome*
Did marry me; I elſe ſhould never have been
Content t' have liv'd in ſo remote a Province.
Though his good nature, and many Loſſes at Sea,
Melted away moſt of his Land, we have
Silver and Gold enough to make you live
In plenty.
Dacus. Mother, I kiſs your reverent hand
In Gratitude. What my own means may prove
Deficient in, my valour ſhall ſupply.
Spin. Wee'l have no fighting nor any Quarrelling:
I am for peace. Love hates the noiſe of War.

Dacus. You are too timorous; Grow as affectionate:
For thus I print my Soul upon thy Lipps.
Caca. Let us go home, send for a Priest of *Hymens*;
And presently each Couple on's be married.
Omnes. Agreed, agreed.
Caca. I dare not lye alone to night for fear
My Captain, or his Friends, should give me a visit.
Spinel. Was *Hannibal*, a Gentleman by birth?
Dacus. My pritty One——
Brave *Hannibal* the famous Carthaginian,
Who march'd like *Mars*, even to the walls of *Rome*,
And fought against that Senate for the worlds Empire;
In one of's winter Quarters at *Salapia*,
Obtain'd th' Affection of a Beautifull Lady
Call'd *Issidora*: And from them he was
Descended lineally; As He lately told me.
Spinel. And is now
Descended to the Divel; we have heard, how

Exeunt Omnes.

Scena

Scena Sexta.

Enter Ovid, Phœbianus, Philocles, Armelina, *and* Servants.

Phœbia. My Father (on his death bed) did enjoyn me.
(For Educations ſake) to ſtay ſo long.
You grace me (excellent *Armelina*) much
After ſo long a Triall to receive me.
Arme. I nothing have worthy your Acceptation,
But my reciprocall Return of Love.
Phœbia. I kiſs your hand for ſo immenſe a bounty.
But why (my faireſt) would you never honor
My many Letters with one ſingle Anſwer?
Arme. I durſt not; fearing (among the *Roman* Ladies)
You might have made a ſecond Choice, and then
Have left me, blaſted in my Reputation.
Phœbia. I was too true, and you was too ſevere
Arme. But wherefore came you ſo diſguis'd; and why?

From me would you conceal your ſelf?

Phœbia. 'Tis reaſonable, that I ſhould ſatisfy you.

Juſt upon my departure out of *Italy*,
My Curioſity lead me to *Traſullus*,
One of the chief Aſtrologers of theſe Times,
And happy in foretelling future fortunes:
I made Friends to him, and receiv'd theſe verſes.

"Return diſguis'd in womans Cloathes, and you
"The Murtherer of your Friend ſhall pay his due;
'Obtain your Miſtriſs to become your Bride,
"And with her gain a world of wealth beſide.

Ovid. Baſſanes his death, and fair *Clorinas's* wealth,
(You being her Heir) added to your great Portion,
Confirm for Trueth the Soothſayer's Prediction

Arme. And I again muſt thank you for ſo bravely
Revenging on *Baſſanes*, his foul | Cruelties.
But why (my *Phœbianus*) would you not
Diſcloſe your ſelf to me?

Phœbia. You are my Countri-woman; And I feai'd

So

So doing, I ſhould have broken my Injunctions:
But now (divineſt Lady) when ſhall I
Be made ſo happy by your gratious ſelf,
As to receive you for my Bride?
Arme. As ſoon
As I can give ſome ſtint unto my Tears;
After my Siſters Obſequies are paſt.
Philo. Pray liſten! What noiſe is that without? I think,
I hear an horn, and 'tis ſome Poſt.

Enter A Poſt.

Phæbia. From whence, my Friend, come you?
Poſt. From *Rome.*
Philo. What news?
Poſt. I've Letters for the famous Poet *Ovid.*
Ovid. Deliver them. I'am that unfortunate man.

Ovid breaks open his Letters and reads.

I am undone for ever. No more hope,
For my Return muſt ever Flatter me.
My wife writes to me, ſhe hath us'd the utmoſt
Of her Endeavour (aſſiſted by the chiefeſt
Of both our Friends, and of moſt power with *Ceſar.*)

For

For my Repeal, or but (at leaſt) Removall,
To a more temperate Clime; And that th' are both
Refus'd her; and ſhe enjoyn'd perpetuall ſilence,
In my behalf. Beſides, my Friend *Græcinus*,
(A *Roman* of high note) hath writ me word
The Gracious Princeſs *Julia*, our great Empreſs
And my beſt Friend is, in *Trimerus*, dead.
One of theſe News were much too much to ſtrike
My poor and Crazy body into my Grave:
But joyning both their Poyſonous ſtings together;
I needs muſt to the world this Truth impart,
That *Ovid* dies here of a broken Heart.

Dies.

Phyl. It was too ſad a Truth his laſt breath did
Expreſs: For he, alas! is dead indeed.
Arme. Death is too prodigall of his Tragedies
In this ſmall City. I muſt ſpare from my
Clorina's Fate one ſhower of tears to ſhed.
Upon his Grave.
Phyl. Not only we, but all the Getick Nation
Were worſe then barbarous, paid we not that duty
To Excellent *Ovid's* infelicious End,

Arme.

Arme. He was a moſt accompliſh'd Gentleman,
A Perſon affable, and ſweet condition'd;
And of the *Roman* Poets the moſt ingenious!
Phil. He was in *Italie* at *Sulmo* born
A pleaſant City within the Territory
Of the *Peligni*, and deſcended of
The Ancient Family of the *Naſones*;
Who had preſerv'd the Dignity of *Roman*
Knights, from the firſt Original of that Order.
I'th *Aſiatick* wars, he under *Varro*
Had eminent Command, and well diſcharg'd it:
Who now alas (after ſeaven years Exilement)
Hopeleſs of a Repeal, hath breath'd his laſt.
Arme. Take up his Noble Body, and bear it gently
To his own houſe; We all will wait on it thither.
Phœbia. I'le have a ſtately Monument erected,
(Without our City walls, near the chief Gate)
To his fair Memory, to declare the Gratitude
Of *Tomos* to him; for the Honour It
Receiv'd by his ſo long abode among us:
Encloſ'd in which (within a Mable-urne)
Curiouſly wrought, his Aſhes ſhall for ever
Remain in peace; An endleſs Grace to *Pontus*!
Phil. No Poet ever did more glory contribute

Unto

Unto the Latin Language, then his Pen.
The Soul of Poetry feels a Convulsion
By his Decease. He no superiour knew,
In that sweet Art; And was great *Virgils* Equal.
His works have an Eternity stamp'd on them,
Do far exceed the Consul *Cicero's* verses,
And all the Lines sacred *Augustus* ever
Writ in a numerous strain; All the fine Poems,
The Darling of the People, the Facecious
And valiant Prince *Cæsar Germanicus*
Hath publish'd with Applause; And all such Things
Though writ by hands that were the spoyls of Kings.

Ovids Body being removed.
Exeunt Omnes.

The

THE EPILOGUE.

NOble, and Generous Spectatours, ſtay!
A word at Parting, and then go your way.
Our Author is ſtolne hence in mighty haſte,
Becauſe he thought the Houſe was overcaſt.
With Clouds on every Brow; And was in dread,
A ſtorm would elſe have faln upon his head.
I am his friend left purpoſely behind,

To

T inform him how his Fate proves;
harſh, or kind.
Beſeech you Ladies, Smile: Their ge-
nerall Frown,
Portends the Men will hiſs our Tra-
gedy down.
Command them clap their hands; For
it is ſtrange
If men forbear, when women bid them
clap.
I thank you Ladies! Thank you, Gen-
tlemen!
To morrow, you may be welcom here
agen.

FINIS.

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COKAYNE, A.